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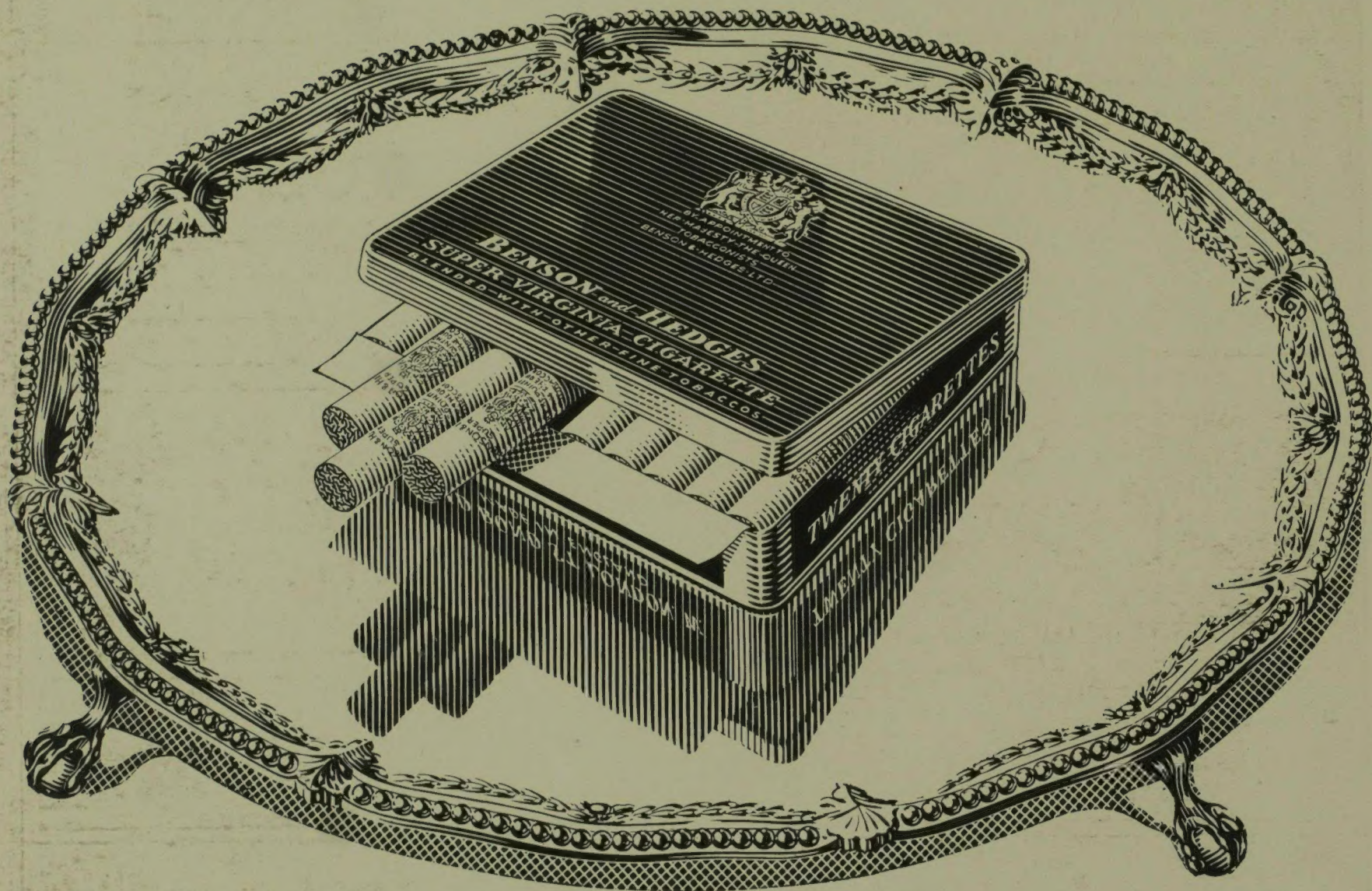
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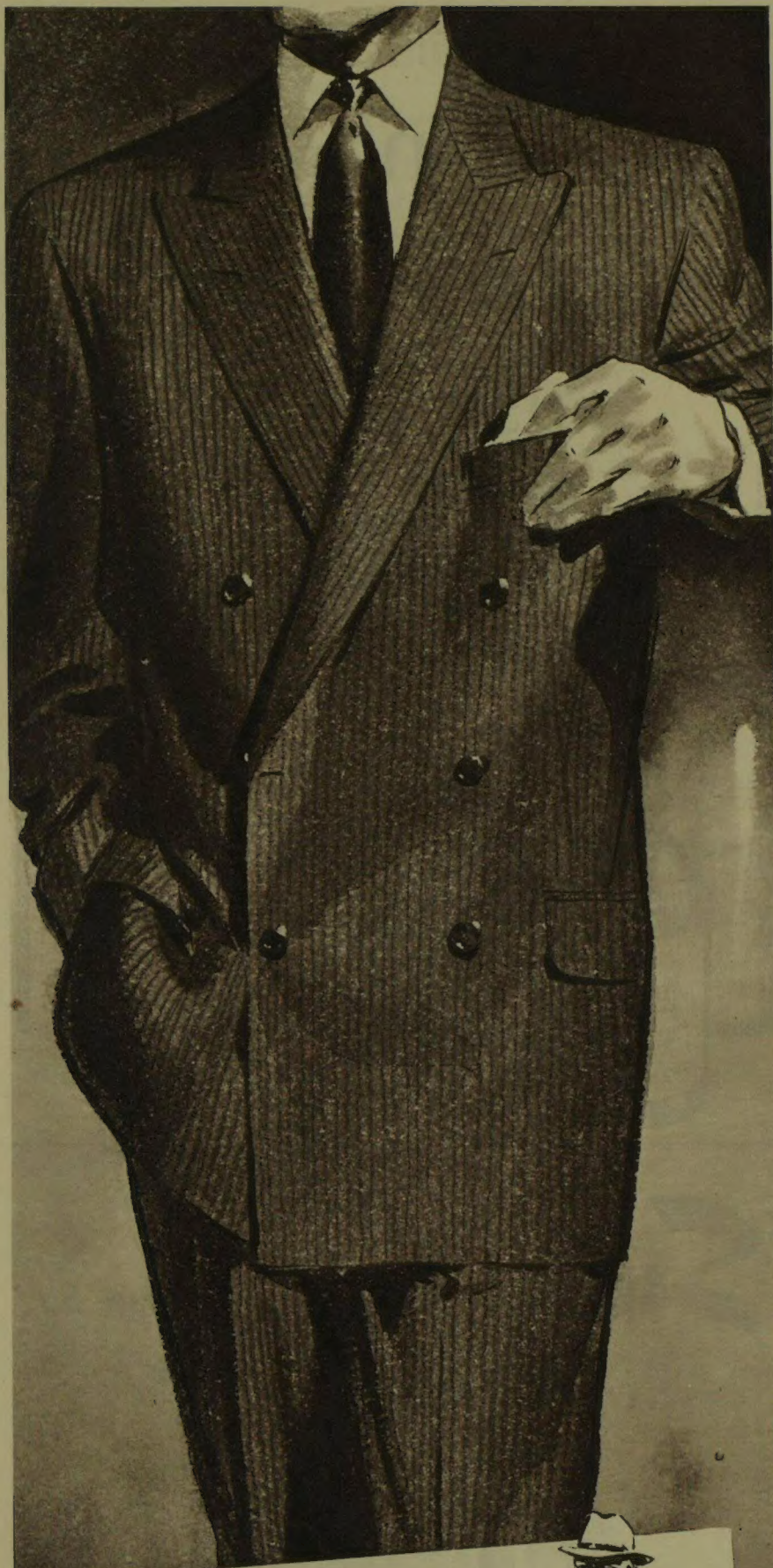
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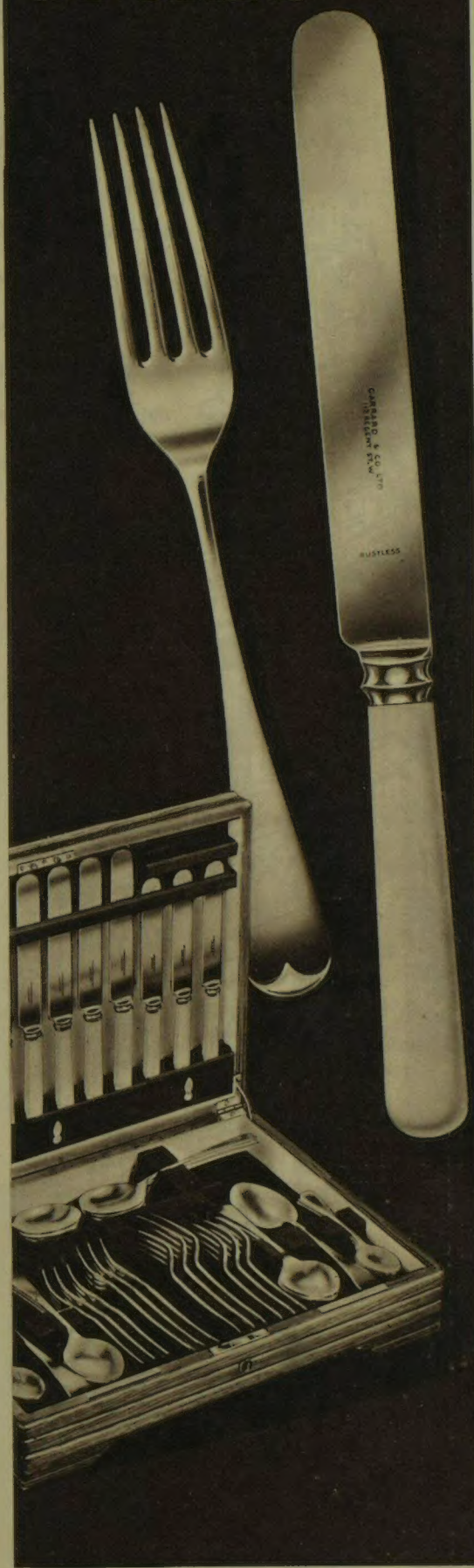


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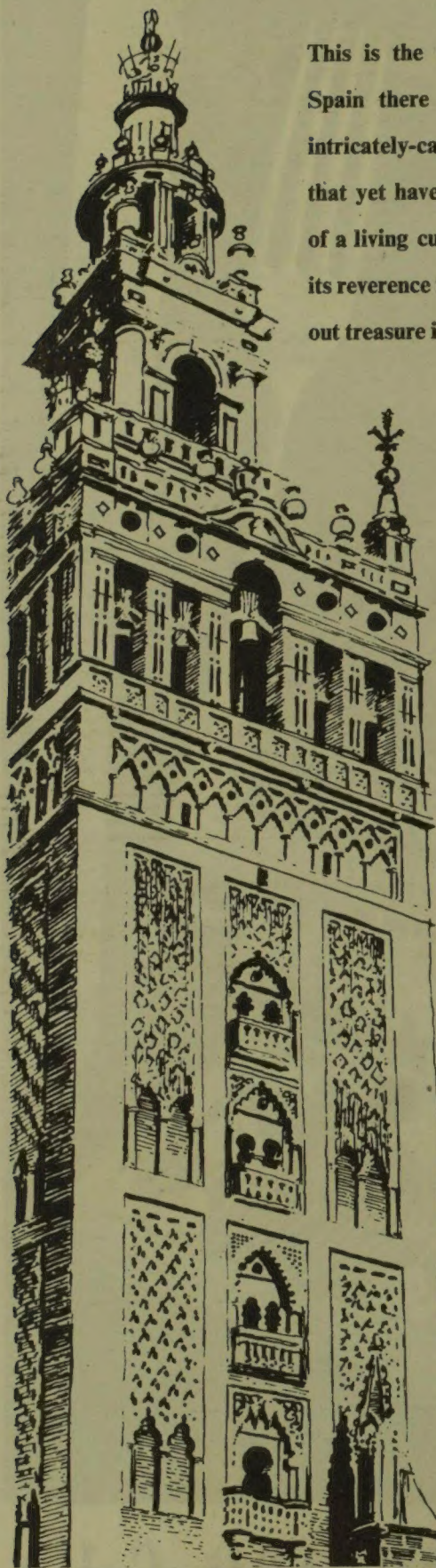
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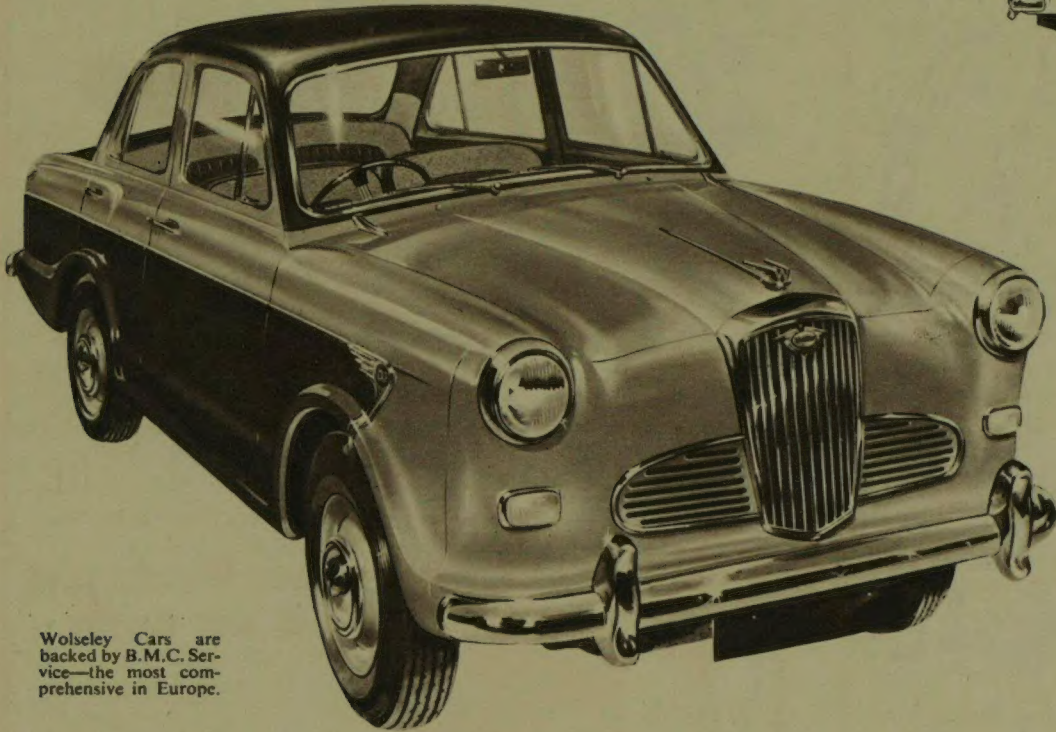
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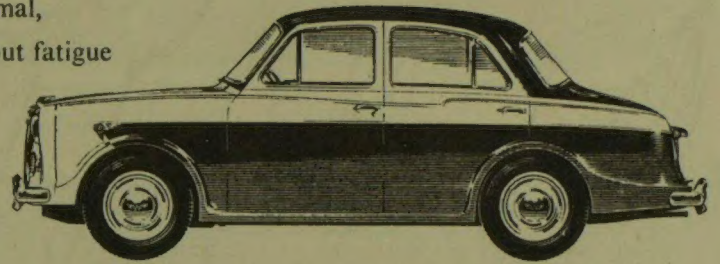
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SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1957.



IN THE ROYAL TRADITION: H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE, ALREADY A LOVER OF HORSES, SEEN WITH HER FATHER'S POLO PONIES IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK DURING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S FIRST POLO MATCH OF THE SEASON.

The Queen, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne were among the spectators in Windsor Great Park on Sunday, May 5, when the Duke of Edinburgh played in his first polo match of the season. He scored three goals for the Welsh Guards, who defeated the Red Jackets by six goals to two-and-a-half in the semi-final of the Combermere Cup at Smith's Lawn.

The Royal children not only enjoyed watching their father, who was in brilliant form, but they made much of his ponies, patting them and talking to them. In this photograph Princess Anne, who, as can be seen, bears a striking resemblance to the Queen, is giving one of the ponies a "good luck" pat during the polo tournament.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ON May 14 *The Illustrated London News*—the oldest illustrated newspaper in the world—will be 115 years old and its Editor, Sir Bruce Ingram, will have edited it for 57½ years, that is for half its existence. His grandfather, Herbert Ingram, founded the paper in 1842—one year after the inception of *Punch*—and his father, Sir William Ingram, was its Managing Director for thirty years. No one, so far as is known, has ever edited a great national journal for longer than Sir Bruce except the late C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian*, and this August even his wonderful record of service should be passed by the present Editor of *The Illustrated London News*. I can speak for all the contributors to the paper when I say how proud we are of him and what a magnificent Editor he is.

It is close on twenty-one years since I started writing this weekly page and more than a quarter of a century since, at Sir Bruce's invitation, I first contributed an article to one of *The Illustrated London News*' special Record Numbers. He was already then one of the great veterans of Fleet Street, with a record of service stretching back into Queen Victoria's reign. My predecessor, G. K. Chesterton, at the time of his death in 1936, had written this weekly page without a break for the almost incredible period of thirty-one years, yet it had been Bruce Ingram who had first appointed him, as it was Bruce Ingram who appointed me his successor. A few months after

country; to-day it competes with innumerable papers employing photographic illustrations. Yet throughout Sir Bruce's long editorship it has maintained and enhanced its position as Britain's leading export journal—a position in which it did the most valuable service in two world wars. Sir Bruce is particularly proud of two achievements: his pioneer work in the use of the photogravure process and the fact that *The Illustrated London News* was the first illustrated newspaper in Great Britain to be printed by this means; and the introduction of archaeology as a regular feature of the journal's pages. In spite of much early opposition, the paper throughout the past half-century has remained a principal medium for making known and popularising the great archaeological discoveries of our time. Among the most spectacular of those was the discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen, the whole contents of which were illustrated in colour and monochrome in this paper over a period of many months.

Sir Bruce is a modest man who has always worked in the background and shunned the limelight, and who, until he was awarded a knighthood by the British Crown and the Legion of Honour by the French Republic in recognition of his fifty years' service as Editor, was almost unknown by name even to the readers of his own journal. He was educated at Winchester—that great school of anonymous public service—and at Trinity, Oxford,

where he took an Honours Degree in law at the age of twenty. In the following year he began his long journalistic career by a practical study of lithography and by editing a small illustrated magazine. An enthusiastic Yeomanry officer, he volunteered for service in South Africa as soon as the Boer War broke out, but to his intense chagrin his services were refused owing to defective eyesight—a disappointment which led later to his editing, at his own suggestion, a special Record Number of the war under the aegis of *The Illustrated London News*, which, in its turn—for it was a great success—led to the offer in 1900 of the vacant editorial chair. Fourteen years later, when the First World War broke out, he again volunteered for service and was again rejected on account of eyesight. But in 1916, when he was already in his fortieth year, after volunteering for the fifth time he was granted a commission in the Heavy Artillery (R.G.A.), and after

four months' training proceeded to France with a 6-in. howitzer battery. Here he remained for the rest of the war, being three times mentioned in despatches and winning the M.C. and a military O.B.E. During the Second World War the same devotion to duty resulted in his never missing a single working day at his office in the heart of blitzed London, and when the war was over, in gratitude to those who had made the fact possible, he proposed the compilation of, and subsequently presented to the nation, a Roll of Honour of all who had given their lives in the Battle of Britain. This Roll—the gift of Sir Bruce—was unveiled by King George VI at the same time as the Window in the Battle of Britain Chapel in Westminster Abbey. Its donor's sense of public service will long be remembered not only for this, but for the repeated gifts with which he has enriched the public art collections of this country. The most recent and notable of these—for he has been a collector all his life—indirectly owed its origin, the present writer is proud to know, to the publication twenty-six years ago of a biography of Charles II, whose reading caused this ever-youthful, enthusiastic and diligent man to start collecting marine drawings and paintings of the later seventeenth century. In the course of a few years, through his astonishing flair for art and knowledge of its technical processes, he accumulated more than 700 drawings of the sea by the two Van de Velde—a unique collection which, owing to his generosity, is now in the National Maritime Museum, of which institution Sir Bruce is Honorary Adviser on Art.

IN THE DAYS OF THE PICTORIAL ARTISTS: A TRANSVAAL WAR SCENE FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO.



FROM THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS TO BE EDITED BY SIR BRUCE INGRAM: THE LOSS OF OUR GUNS AT THE TUGELA RIVER—A TRANSVAAL WAR SCENE BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

When Sir Bruce Ingram embarked on his record tenure of the editorial chair of *The Illustrated London News* in January 1900, the paper then employed a staff of twenty artists to present the news in pictorial form. Many of these artists, and their predecessors, first won distinction through their work in this newspaper. This striking picture, by R. Caton Woodville, shows the loss of our guns at Colenso, on the Tugela River—the scene of a terrible battle on December 15, 1899, when General Buller made his attack against the Boers which failed. It was in this battle that Field Marshal Lord Roberts' surviving son, Frederick Hugh Sherston Roberts, was mortally wounded trying to rescue our guns, and was awarded a posthumous V.C. for his gallantry.

watches over, and has always watched over, every detail of his journal's weekly production. Never once, in the twenty-one years I have written "Our Note Book," have I been asked to read a proof of what I have written, yet I can scarcely remember a single misprint finding its way on to the printed page. Probably no newspaper in the world, not even *The Times*, has ever deviated less from its own high and consistent standards—of integrity, of production, of public ideals and duty—than *The Illustrated London News* during Sir Bruce's fifty-eight years of editorship. When, occasionally, in these ramblings I have put forward some particularly outrageous notion of my own liable to pain or shock the paper's readers, a small note has always appeared at the foot of the page reminding them that my views are my own and not necessarily those of *The Illustrated London News*. For Sir Bruce's ideal is that which has always animated our country at its best—liberty in a framework of freely accepted discipline.

Yet through what a revolution of thought and taste has Sir Bruce guided his hereditary charge! When, at the age of twenty-two, he was asked by his father to occupy the vacant editorial chair for a six-month trial, the moral and social conventions of the Victorian era and the imperial tenets of the British Empire and Pax Britannica were still unchallenged. The paper, to-day consisting mainly of photographs, then employed a staff of twenty artists to present the news in pictorial form. With the exception of its young rival, *The Graphic*, it was the only illustrated newspaper in the

NEWS FROM HOME: ROYAL AND POLITICAL OCCASIONS; AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



AFTER MAKING HIS FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH FOR A YEAR: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, PRECEDED BY LADY CHURCHILL, LEAVING THE ALBERT HALL. On May 3, after a year's absence from the political platform, Sir Winston Churchill, who is eighty-two, addressed a meeting of the Primrose League, of which he is Grand Master, at the Albert Hall. After making some warm references to Sir Anthony Eden, Sir Winston criticised the attitude of the United Nations towards the Suez problem. After the meeting the audience sang "For he's a jolly good fellow" and gave him three cheers.



AT WESTFIELD COLLEGE, HAMPSTEAD: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRINCIPAL, DR. KATHLEEN CHESNEY.

On May 1 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother made her first visit as Chancellor of London University to Westfield College, Hampstead, which has 300 women students. The Queen Mother made a tour of part of the college and also visited the gardens; later she had tea with members of the students' union, and members of the staff of the college and university.



IN BIRMINGHAM: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY'S NEW LIBRARY. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Birmingham on May 2 to lay the foundation-stone of Birmingham University's new £600,000 library. The library, designed to house a million books, represents a stage in the university's plans to concentrate all departments and faculties on one site at Edgbaston. The Queen Mother expressed regret that Sir Anthony Eden, the Chancellor of the University, was unable to be present, and offered her "warm good wishes for his speedy and complete recovery."



AT SUMMERFIELD HOSPITAL, BIRMINGHAM: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER SMILING INTO A MIRROR TO ENABLE AN ARTHRITIC PATIENT TO SEE HER.

On May 2 during her six-hour visit to Birmingham Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother toured a six-storey block of municipal flats, visited the Kynoch Works of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., at Witton, and the Summerfield Hospital. Earlier she had laid the foundation-stone of the University's new library. At Summerfield Hospital the Queen Mother spoke to several of the patients individually and over the bedside relay system.



AT THE ANNUAL ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET: THE LORD CHANCELLOR, LORD KILMUIR, SPEAKING DURING THE DINNER AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The Royal Academy banquet on May 1 was attended by many distinguished guests. Mr. Charles Wheeler, P.R.A., presided and Lord Kilmuir replied to his toast to the Government. Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, Chief of the Air Staff, replied to the toast of "The Armed Forces of the Crown," and Sir Mortimer Wheeler to the toast of "The Guests." Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle; the Duke of Bedford; Mr. Malik (Soviet Ambassador); Lord Kilmuir; Mr. C. Wheeler, P.R.A., and Sir Winston Churchill.

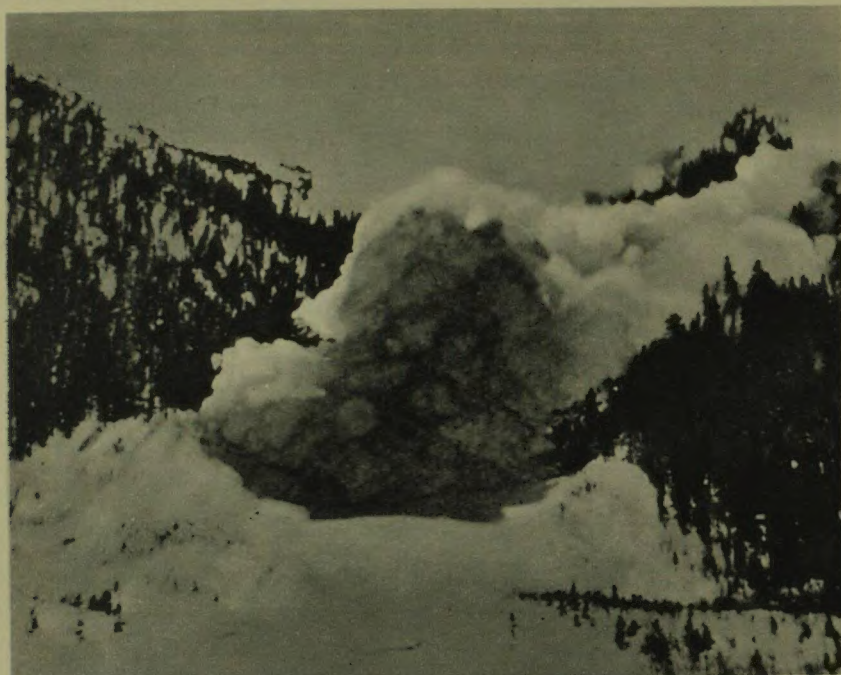


AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CROWDED SCENE DURING THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S 189TH SUMMER EXHIBITION ON MAY 3. WITHIN A VERY SHORT TIME DOZENS OF THE EXHIBITS HAD BEEN SOLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS THAT COST A LIFE.



NEAR THE BERTHOUD PASS, COLORADO: THE BEGINNING OF A MAN-MADE AVALANCHE WHICH KILLED THE MAN WHO TOOK THESE PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE AVALANCHE RAPIDLY GATHERS MOMENTUM: IT WAS STARTED TO REMOVE A POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS MASS OF SNOW.



PHOTOGRAPHER JOHN HERMANN'S LAST PHOTOGRAPH: A VIVID SHOT OF THE 700-FT.-WIDE WAVE OF SNOW WHICH CARRIED HIM TO HIS DEATH.

IN April a mass of 65 ins. of new snow had formed a potential danger to the Berthoud Pass, near Denver, Colorado. As is common practice in the Rocky Mountains, it was decided to remove this danger by creating a controlled avalanche. Two young photographers, John Hermann and Roland Wyatt, were on the spot to photograph the great mass of snow as it roared down the mountainside. Hermann set up three cameras—two on the road below the snow-laden hill and one, remotely operated, half-way up the slope itself. The third shot from a 75-mm. howitzer set off the avalanche. The glistening mass of snow roared down the slope. It plucked Wyatt from a stand of trees where he had set up his camera, and, gathering further momentum, it swept down into the ravine and up the other side, where it crossed the road, engulfing Hermann, who had taken these photographs, and a highway worker near him. Miraculously, Wyatt dug himself out and escaped without injury, but Hermann and the other man lost their lives.

TENSION RELAXED IN JORDAN.

THE Eid el Fitr, the feast marking the end of Ramadan, was on May 1 and saw a considerable lessening of the tension which had spread over Jordan throughout the dangerous political crisis of April. Though further developments might still be expected, King Hussein had come safely through these days and preserved his place on the throne, having taken care to remove some of the opponents revealed by the developments of the crisis. The young King chose to make his first public appearance by attending the dawn service on May 1. He drove to the mosque with a caravan of armoured cars and was closely surrounded by his officers throughout the service. Later, King Hussein held a reception for his loyal subjects and diplomatists in Amman, at which more than 1000 guests attended. Among them was the United States Ambassador, Mr. Mallory, who had announced his Government's offer of 10,000,000 dollars economic aid to Jordan on April 29.



A SIGN OF THE RETURN OF MORE NORMAL CONDITIONS TO JORDAN: SOME OF THE GUESTS CLIMBING THE STEPS INTO THE ROYAL PALACE AT AMMAN FOR A RECEPTION HELD BY KING HUSSEIN.



IN THE PALACE GARDEN DURING THE RECEPTION ON MAY 1: MAJ.-GEN. HABES EL-MAJALI (SMOKING), THE ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF, MEETING A SHEIKH.



HIS FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT SINCE THE CRISIS: KING HUSSEIN (CENTRE) LEAVING HIS PALACE TO ATTEND THE EID EL FITR SERVICE.

READY FOR THE HYDROGEN-BOMB TESTS: CHRISTMAS ISLAND, IN THE PACIFIC.



ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND, IN THE PACIFIC, PREPARING FOR THE BRITISH HYDROGEN-BOMB TESTS: SERVICE PERSONNEL VISITING A FORMER NATIVE VILLAGE.



THE MEETING HALL IN ONE OF THE FORMER NATIVE VILLAGES ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND. THE POPULATION OF THE ISLAND WAS ABOUT 200.

THE first British hydrogen-bomb test on Christmas Island is expected to take place in the near future, probably at the end of this month. After a long period of preparation on the island by service personnel and scientists, all is ready for the tests, which are to take the form of high air bursts to reduce the fall-out. Four R.A.F. Vickers *Valiant* jet bombers left this country in March to fly to Christmas Island for the tests. The bombs will probably be dropped from about 30,000 ft. to explode at 10,000 ft. During the preparations there has been heated controversy about the advisability of having the tests in this area. Japan has been a particularly strong opponent of the tests. Christmas Island is one of the Line Islands in the Pacific and lies at 1° 57' N. lat. and 157° 27' W. long. It was discovered by Cook on December 24, 1777, and has an area of 234 square miles, making it the largest atoll in the Pacific ocean. The main camp housing those engaged in the preparations for the tests covers a square mile of sandy waste, and its facilities include a Joint Education Centre. On the other side of the island from this camp a rest camp has been established, and full use was made of the superb lagoons and beaches for swimming, fishing and sailing.

(Right.) WARM SANDS, SHADY PALM TREES AND THE BLUE OCEAN: A TYPICAL LAGOON ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND, WHICH IS THE LARGEST OF THE PACIFIC ATOLLS.



LAUNCHING THEIR OUTRIGGER BOAT: SOME OF THE NATIVES WHO LIVED ON THE ISLAND, WHICH HAS GUANO DEPOSITS AND COCONUT PLANTATIONS.



A REST AND A PICNIC ON THE SANDY BEACH OF A LAGOON: A GROUP OF SERVICE PERSONNEL ENGAGED IN THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE TESTS.

THE most famous and detailed of all plans for peace and order in Europe, up to the foundation of the League of Nations, was known as the "Grand Design." Its author, Sully, built up its fame by attributing the ideas behind his work to his master, Henry IV of France. We now know that Sully actually invented a rôle for the King, after the latter's death. It was a one-man scheme, which remained a scheme on paper. On the face of it, therefore, the title cannot be called a promising one for a modern project. However, the old one wears a cloak of respectability and the title is undoubtedly arresting. It has been given to the British plan which at the time of writing is under discussion in Strasbourg.

One of the main reasons for it is the multiplication of councils which tend to overlap and conflict, to say nothing of the fact that they are almost impossible to understand. Even students of politics find difficulty in doing so, and it is to be doubted whether one in a thousand of our population tries to unravel them. The general aims are to publicise the European and Atlantic organisations and subject their activities to parliamentary criticism, and to stimulate the Governments to vigilance in defence and efforts to improve it. The elements of the scheme are parliamentary, strategic, and economic. Primarily, they concern Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg; but a wider form of association, including other countries even if unaligned or neutral, is also contemplated.

An important principle is that the scheme is founded on the Atlantic Alliance and in order to maintain and strengthen its unity. It is, therefore, I am glad to observe, untainted by the "third force" heresy, which would play into the hands of the Communist world. Indeed, on the strategic side it depends mainly on N.A.T.O. and on that closer co-ordination of policy which was recommended by the committee known as the "three wise men." Militarily, it might also be of service in co-ordinating design and production of weapons. It is obvious that the neutral States would not be concerned with such affairs, but this would simply mean that they did not take part in the committee which dealt with them.

The parliamentary feature of the proposal is the one which has created most interest, though, perhaps, not high enthusiasm. Mr. Ormsby-Gore proposed to the Council of Europe the creation of a "parliament"—before Christmas Mr. Selwyn Lloyd called it a "general assembly," a word which, when I see it in a newspaper, always makes me yawn and turn to the racing news—of the N.A.T.O. Powers. The United States, Canada and neutral countries would be invited to join in appropriate cases. These would be important, because this Parliament would embody all the assemblies either existing already or which are likely to be set up in future. The atomic pool (Euratom) is an example of the latter. The Parliament would divide its work functionally,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

"GRAND DESIGN" FOR EUROPE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

allotting committees to the various types of Atlantic and European co-operation.

That at least is how I read the scheme in the light of Mr. Lloyd's explanation to the North Atlantic Council in Paris last December. Mr. Ormsby-Gore does not appear to have been quite as explicit at Strasbourg. Both made it clear that the Parliament would not be accorded executive powers. Mr. Ormsby-Gore stated that in his opinion the majority of the countries which provided the Council of Europe were not yet prepared to give such powers to an international Parliament. The six countries in the European Coal and Steel Pool had indeed already given them to their assembly, but it had in consequence assumed a character quite different to that which he was

whole-hearted support. In some quarters regret was expressed that the proposed Parliament should not be given executive functions. The position of the United Kingdom as a member of the British Commonwealth is now better understood than was formerly the case, but this understanding has not yet dissipated the belief that Britain

might have been bolder in her approach to integration in the European community. Another objection was raised by a French speaker, M. Courant. He said that the project of setting up a N.A.T.O. assembly to co-ordinate other assemblies would give the impression that European unity was in essentials a military affair.

I would put it that a great deal of seed was sown. Unhappily, as gardeners have been discovering in these days of drought, not all that is sown comes up. The free nations of Europe, whether military partners or neutrals, have been following courses which are beset by national and technical difficulties of many kinds. Their progress has been slow and there is little prospect of its being sharply speeded up in the future that

can be foreseen. Their aims—at least as far as the partners are concerned—are roughly in the same direction, but their actual targets differ to a greater extent, in accordance with their strength, their economic interests, the political colour of their Governments, and their mentalities. They have a long way to go before reaching satisfactory objectives.

In the past, before they had got down to realities and where they were listening to the generalities of Federalists who believed that federation was just round the corner, I often tried to sound a note of warning on this subject. I merit no praise for perspicacity, since the slightest examination showed that the schemes then under discussion were premature and impossible to realise. To-day I would say that, while optimism about eventual results is warrantable and indeed necessary, expectation of full results at high speed is neither one nor the other. And though it is fashionable to put most of the blame—very politely nowadays, I admit—on the

shoulders of this country, it has not, to put it mildly, been a bad friend to European unity. This would be in a worse situation than it now finds itself but for the efforts of Sir Anthony Eden.

And, if we can goad our brains into examining and analysing all these "proliferating" assemblies, unions, and pools, what an inspiring picture it all makes in sum! Things are moving. Movement may be slow, but it is virtually unceasing. The record of accomplishment already there in black and white amounts to a formidable list and a worthy one. Other projects of equal moment are treading on the heels of those which lead the way. The past has seen nothing to compare with this work thrashed out by politicians, Civil Servants, businessmen, and soldiers. If details of this "Grand Design" are discarded, even if some main features are lost, it may still make a contribution to the cause of the unity of Western Europe, perhaps in the long run to the unity of mankind.



AT WINDSOR ON APRIL 29: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN INSPECTING A DETACHMENT OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE WHO ARE ON A VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN.

The detachment of "Mounties" (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) who are at present on a visit to Great Britain was inspected by the Queen at Combermere Barracks, Windsor, on April 29. Accompanying the Queen were the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. It was arranged that the "Mounties" should ride on May 7 through the City of London to the Mansion House, led by the mounted band of The Life Guards. The detachment is to appear at a number of horse and agricultural shows throughout the country during the summer, and at the Edinburgh Festival Tattoo.

addressing, or that of the Western European Union, or the Conference of N.A.T.O. parliamentarians.

Mr. Ormsby-Gore also denied that the withdrawal of a proportion of the British forces from Germany was a first step towards withdrawal from the Continent altogether. He declared that the reverse was the case, and that it was the aim of the British Government to bring Britain close to Europe. As is well known, the reduction of British forces as planned has not been well received by the members of N.A.T.O. as a body. It aroused the natural fear that the step would be copied by other countries. This question concerns more closely the N.A.T.O. Council Meeting in Bonn, which will have a number of other subjects to tackle. There is no room to deal with them on the present occasion.

The reception of the proposals in Strasbourg seems to have been marked by interest rather than

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



BRUSSELS, BELGIUM. DURING THE MAY DAY PROCESSION, A MAN DRESSED TO REPRESENT GENERAL SPEIDEL LEADS FOUR AGES OF BELGIUM IN CHAINS. This tableau, in protest against the appointment of the German General Speidel to a N.A.T.O. command, shows the "General" leading "veterans" of two wars, a present-day conscript and a small boy, "cannon fodder" of the future.



ROME, ITALY. MAY WEATHER IN ROME: CHILDREN PLAYING IN THE ANKLE-DEEP HAIL WHICH FELL DURING A FREAK THUNDERSTORM IN A ROME SUBURB ON MAY 3. THE BASEMENTS OF SOME HOUSES WERE FLOODED.



WEST BERLIN, GERMANY. PART OF A CROWD OF SOME 60,000 WHICH TOOK PART IN A MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION AROUND A LARGE MAYPOLE.

For West Berlin's May Day celebrations, a large maypole was the central feature of a demonstration in front of the City Hall, which called for the speedy but peaceful reunification of Germany—a striking contrast with the parallel demonstration in East Berlin.



EAST BERLIN, GERMANY. MAY DAY IN THE SOVIET SECTOR: A MILITARY BAND PLAYS AS RUSSIAN ARTILLERY MOVES PAST IN THE MARX ENGELS PLATZ. The slogan dominating this impressive parade in the Russian Sector of Berlin somewhat surprisingly reads: "Strengthen our People's power! Defeat Militarism!" About 3500 armed representatives of the Army and Navy took part in the parade.



BROMLEY, KENT. THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, TAKING THE SALUTE AT A BRITISH LEGION PARADE. (RIGHT) THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER. On May 5, at Bromley, Kent, for which he is M.P., the Prime Minister attended the dedication of a new standard for the Bromley branch of the British Legion. He is seen here at the saluting-base with the Bishop of Rochester and (partly hidden) the Mayor of Bromley.

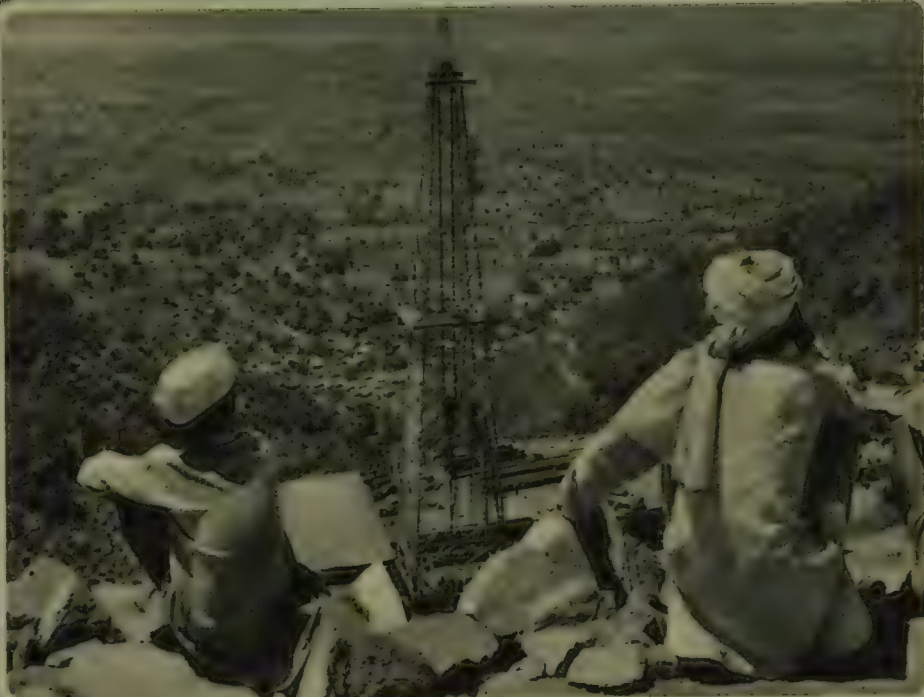


BONN, WEST GERMANY. AT A N.A.T.O. RECEPTION: LORD ISMAY (RIGHT), THE RETIRING SECRETARY-GENERAL, WITH MR. DULLES, WHO HAS ALSO HINTED AT RETIRING. Before the opening on May 2 of the meeting of the N.A.T.O. Foreign Ministers at Bad Godesberg, Lord Ismay, who is retiring from the Secretary-Generalship, held his last N.A.T.O. Press conference. Mr. Dulles has recently hinted that he, too, may soon retire, but at the time of writing there was no official statement.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



HAWAII. MOBILE TRAFFIC SIGNS AT KANEOHE BAY: TWO U.S. MARINES WEARING WARNING NOTICES BEARING THE WORDS "SLOW TROOPS FOLLOWING" SEEN MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF A COLUMN OF MARINES ALONG A ROAD.



NORTHERN INDIA. INDIAN PEASANTS ON THE HIMALAYAN HILLSIDE AT JAWALAMUKHI WATCHING A RUMANIAN OIL-PROSPECTING CREW AT WORK UNDER A TEMPLE. LOCAL HINDUS WERE FEARFUL LEST THE SACRED FLAME SHOULD BE EXTINGUISHED.



THE VATICAN. PRINCE RAINIER OF MONACO AND PRINCESS GRACE WITH THE POPE, WHO RECEIVED THEM IN AUDIENCE.



ROME. DURING THEIR VISIT TO ITALY: PRINCE RAINIER AND PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO IN THEIR HOTEL SUITE ON APRIL 29. Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco, who have been visiting Italy, arrived in Rome by road on April 28. On April 30 they were received in private audience by the Pope, with whom they remained for fifteen minutes. In the course of the audience token gifts were exchanged.



PARIS. LEAVING HOSPITAL: Mlle. FRANÇOISE SAGAN, THE FRENCH AUTHORESS, WHO RECEIVED SERIOUS INJURIES IN A MOTOR CRASH IN THE MIDDLE OF APRIL, NEAR FONTAINEBLEAU.

Mlle. Françoise Sagan, the young and successful French novelist who was seriously injured in a motor accident near Fontainebleau on April 14, left hospital on April 30. Her brother, who accompanied her home in an ambulance, can be seen in the photograph (left).



WESTERN GERMANY. AT BONN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING ONE OF THE MEETINGS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION MINISTERIAL COUNCIL.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation Council meeting which opened in Bonn on May 1 ended on May 3 after a discussion about recent Soviet diplomatic moves; the need for the latest weapons and the balance between these and conventional weapons; the Middle East; and German reunification. The concluding official communiqué said that N.A.T.O. must be able to use all available means to meet an attack.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Above.)
HANOVER, WEST GERMANY.
A CAR PARK SO VAST IT HAS ITS OWN BUS SERVICE: THE HUGE PARKING-GROUND AT THE HANOVER INDUSTRIAL FAIR.

At the huge Hanover Fair, which opened on April 28, the car park (partly shown above) is of such size that a bus service runs from its further limits to the gates of the Fair. There are nearly 500 foreign exhibitors, 48 of them British.



SWITZERLAND. THE HUNDWIL OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT: A NUMBER OF THESE PARLIAMENTS WERE HELD RECENTLY IN DIFFERENT SWISS CANTONS. Open-air parliaments were recently held in a number of Swiss Cantons. The weather was fine for the occasion. At these parliaments, local government elections are held and various items of legislation enacted.



(Right.)
THE VATICAN.
IN THE VATICAN PALACE: THE SCENE DURING A CONCERT GIVEN IN HONOUR OF THE POPE, WHO IS ENTHRONED (RIGHT). The orchestra of the Italian Broadcasting and Television Company, conducted by Maestro Franco Caracciolo, recently held a concert in the Vatican Palace in honour of his Holiness. It was attended by Cardinals, Vatican dignitaries and officials and a distinguished audience.



DENMARK. THE ROYAL STAR IN A FILM ABOUT HIS DAILY LIFE: KING FREDERIK IX SIGNING A STATE PAPER IN A SCENE FROM A GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED FILM. On April 30 a Government-sponsored film was released in Danish cinemas. It is a documentary account of the events of an average day in the life of King Frederik and his family, in which the King and Queen, their daughters and other leading personalities appear.



DENMARK. THE ROYAL FAMILY OF DENMARK HAVING TEA IN AMALIENBORG CASTLE: ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE FILM ABOUT THE KING'S DAILY LIFE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



THE NETHERLANDS. ON QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY: WELL-WISHERS ABOUT TO FORM A MAP OF THE NETHERLANDS IN THE GARDEN AT SOESTDIJK.

On April 30 the people of The Netherlands celebrated Queen Juliana's forty-eighth birthday with many demonstrations of loyalty and affection. The focal point of the celebrations was the palace at Soestdijk.



THE NETHERLANDS. IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT SOESTDIJK: PART OF THE VAST CROWD OF WELL-WISHERS ON QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY.



HAMBURG. A C.D. ANTI-RADIOACTIVITY MASK. THE MIRROR (LEFT) IS FOR READING INTERIOR INSTRUMENTS RECORDING RADIATION INTENSITY.



CAIRO, EGYPT. THE EGYPT-SYRIA AXIS: COLONEL NASSER (LEFT) GREETES PRESIDENT KUWATLY OF SYRIA AT THE CAIRO MILITARY AIRPORT ON APRIL 27.



U.S.A. NOT A CHRISTY MINSTREL IN WINTER: BUT THE PROTECTIVE MASK TO BE WORN BY U.S. MARINES IN THE ANTARCTIC DURING THE GEOPHYSICAL YEAR.



U.S.A., TEXAS. AN INCIDENT IN THE SEVERE FLOODS: A WOMAN MOTORIST IS RESCUED FROM HER CAR AT SAN ANTONIO ON APRIL 29.

Heavy and prolonged rain has caused great damage over large areas in Texas, which was formerly a drought area, rendering many people homeless and causing at least thirteen deaths. The stricken areas have been declared eligible for national assistance.



U.S.A., TEXAS. THROUGH RAGING FLOODWATERS THE STRANDED MOTORIST MAKES HER WAY TO SAFETY WITH THE HELP OF A LIFELINE MADE FROM A GARDEN HOSE.



"THE ATOMIUM"—360 FEET HIGH WITH A RESTAURANT IN THE TOP SPHERE: A MODEL OF THE CENTRE-PIECE—SYMBOLIC OF THE ATOMIC AGE—OF THE 1958 BRUSSELS WORLD FAIR.

The Brussels Universal and International Exhibition of 1958, which is to open on April 17, will extend over a site of about 500 acres in the outskirts of the Belgian capital. It will be one of the biggest World Exhibitions ever held, and some fifty nations are expected to take part in it. As the centre-piece of this mammoth exhibition—the largest of its kind in the Atomic Age—"The Atomium" will rise high on the huge site, dwarfing (as is shown in our photograph) the visitors and other exhibits. 360 ft. high, it represents an elementary

steel crystal enlarged about 200,000 million times. The crystal atoms are represented by nine steel spheres with a diameter of 60 ft. each. Most will contain exhibition halls with displays illustrating many aspects of modern science and the topmost will house a restaurant. This will be reached in 25 seconds by a lift going up the centre pylon, while escalators will run up the other pylons, each 10 ft. in diameter. This huge structure is symbolic of the great progress of modern science, which will be a major theme of the exhibition.

TIME REMEMBERED—A NOSTALGIC TOUR.

"PALMY DAYS": By J. B. BOOTH.*

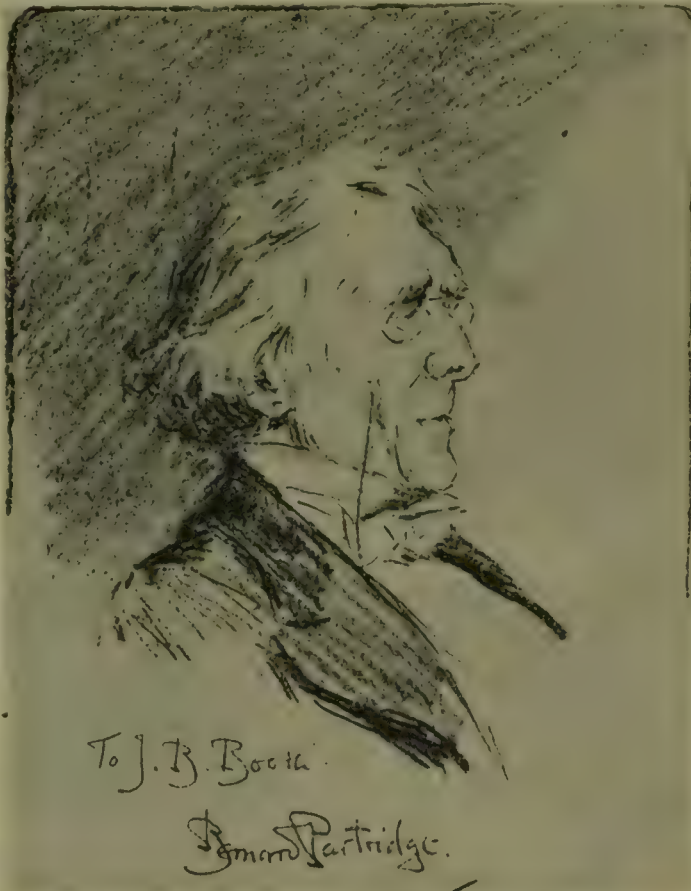
An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SIR ARTHUR BRYANT, in a graceful little introduction to Mr. J. B. Booth's new book, refers to him as "that unvanquished survivor of the team of brilliant writers who made the *Pink 'Un*, like the *New Yorker* of to-day, a literary as well as a social phenomenon." I rather think that that is a slight overstatement, accounted for by the enchantment lent by distance. There were certainly people who could write on the paper, notably A. M. Binstead ("Pitcher"), of whom I remember Belloc (himself an excellent practitioner) saying that his prose was as good as that of any modern Englishman, and one "Delf," who at a time when both he and Corlett's paper were in their last days, told stories about shady transactions on and around the Turf with a lucid and melodious fluency. But I doubt if many of the contributors, or the editor-proprietor, thought of themselves as literary figures. Their job was enjoying life and communicating their enjoyment of, and information about horses, owners and jockeys, plays and actors, hotels, restaurants, food and wine. This last department was looked after by Colonel Newnham-Davis, who, for some reason which may be known to Mr. Booth, but is certainly not even guessed at by me, wrote under the pseudonym of "The Dwarf of Blood." And as for the readers of the paper: well, I don't think they thought much about style. They wanted something amusing and racy: and if the story or brief paragraph went (in the idiom of the day) "near the knuckle," so much the better.

On the jacket of this book there is a drawing—as it is by Mr. John Hassall I need scarcely say that it is a skilful and dashing drawing—of a leering bearded man whispering something, behind his hand, into the ear of a leering plump man, each having a cigar smoking up from between his fingers. One knows at sight that the lean man

portraits of him in this book do show a heavy-lidded, thick-necked man, capable, if capable of wit at all, of what a Mrs. Malaprop of his day might have called "a certain Attic salacity."

That element is completely absent from Mr. Booth's book, as it is from Sir Arthur Bryant's



LESSEE AND MANAGER OF THE LYCEUM, WHICH IN THE THEATRE WORLD OF THE 'NINETIES WAS UNIQUE: SIR HENRY IRVING (1838-1905).

From the pencil drawing by Bernard Partridge.

memory. Mr. Booth remembers the jolly companionship, the oysters at De Hems, the champagne and caviare at Romano's, the solid feasts at Simpson's in the Strand. He was, and remains, a wondering boy in the presence of the passing London shows. He says, of the change-over in 1913, that in that year "without a word to his staff, old John Corlett abruptly sold *The Sporting Times* to a syndicate." Then, says he, "the fifty-year-old paper speedily degenerated, and the amount Corlett finally received in purchase price was ludicrous. Had they been consulted, the staff could have raised double the amount...."

With all due respects to Mr. Booth, I cannot think of the *Pink 'Un* as the *Spectator* or of Corlett as the impeccable Addison. Double-meanings were amongst the chief stocks-in-trade of Corlett's *Pink 'Un*, and the commercial-travellers of the time used to wink at each other about them in railway-carriages and coffee-rooms. But why grudge Mr. Booth his lost Bohemia—a country into which, in spite of its beautiful, legendary sea-coast, I have never wished to intrude? He wanders, nostalgically, in the London Past, not merely before the Latest War, but before the War before That. And all he seeks, and plentifully finds, is fun, good-fellowship and beauty. In his search he is completely uninfluenced by fashion. If there were one thing in my experience of London which I should have thought I should never hear defended it would be Beerbohm Tree's elaborate scenic effects at His Majesty's Theatre: I can't swear that he hadn't real caged larks and nightingales for "Romeo and Juliet."

Tree's régime is to Mr. Booth a lost Paradise. He writes lyrically of "Twelfth Night":

"A faint murmur of stringed instruments, and then the beautiful voice of Robert Taber as Orsino:

"If music be the food of love, play on."

"The exquisite lines fall in a lovely cadence, for it is still the custom to speak great verse as verse. It is not yet the fashion to regard Shakespeare as an outmoded enthusiast, who for some obscure reason preferred verse to prose, and

whose verse is therefore better spoken as much like prose as possible.

"From the rise of the curtain the play lives and moves; we breathe the airs of Illyria; its breezes steal over us. The curtain rises on a love-song; it is to fall on the sound of wedding-bells. The note is set from the first. 'High fantastical' in their beauty, the immortal figures pass before those exquisite back-grounds. The lovely Maud Jeffries as the Countess Olivia, the golden-voiced Lily Brayton as Viola, the glorious trio of comedians—Lionel Brough as Sir Toby, Norman Forbes as Sir Andrew, Courtice Pounds as Feste—bring the grand manner to their follies, and the Quixote-like Malvolio of Tree, stately, self-centred, 'sick of self-love,' wrapped in dignity and dreams, pervades the scene.

"The stage glows with sunlight, and I remember well the gasp of surprised delight from the audience which, night after night, greeted the rise of the curtain on that scene of Olivia's sunlit garden with its grassy terraces, its marble seats, its box hedges and distant background of tall trees. A lovely production of a lovely play."

Mr. Booth surrendered to the illusion of stage-scenery, which Shakespeare, deliberately or not, left to the imagination. But then there came a whispering voice: "Mr. Tree would like to see you in his dressing-room after the play."

To the dressing-room Mr. Booth went: a hero-worshipper: to be which, whatever its drawbacks, is better than being a de-bunker. Mr. Booth gives a graphic picture of Tree—there is a glimpse, also, of Tree's half-brother, Max Beerbohm—and pictures also of many another Victorian and Edwardian figure, including the fabulously generous Nitrate King, Colonel North, a much more genuine man than many of the oversea-millionaires who crashed into England at the turn of the century.



BEERBOHM TREE (1853-1917) AS SVENGALI.

has just said, "'Ave you 'eard this one," and that "this one" will be of a scabrous character which civilised men leave behind them with their adolescence. That does represent one aspect of the *Pink 'Un* before it decayed and died. "Pitcher" was far from disdaining double-meanings. Somebody told me long ago that the author of "Gals' Gossip" and "More Gals' Gossip" was secretly a classical scholar and knew his Horace by heart: though it must have been a severe discipline to him to imagine Horace, with his prosodical contortionism, mellifluously enquiring: "One this heard you have?" But the

* "Palmy Days." By J. B. Booth. Illustrated (The Richards Press; 25s.)



DOROTHEA BAIRD AS TRILBY.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Palmy Days"; by courtesy of the publishers, The Richards Press.

Vulgar and ostentatious, unconsciously, he may have been: but, in Mr. Booth's pages, I find myself growing fond of him, in spite of his marble halls, huge stables, and acres of bad pictures.

"Those Were the Days" is the cant phrase; and, in some ways, one is nostalgic for the past. But, although I have greatly enjoyed Mr. Booth's book, I can't regret the fact that I didn't know his old companions on the *Pink 'Un* or frequent their resorts. I don't see Sir Arthur Bryant fitting into that company either.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 788 of this issue.

GIANT UNITS OF MODERN INDUSTRY: EXAMPLES FROM HANOVER AND KENT.

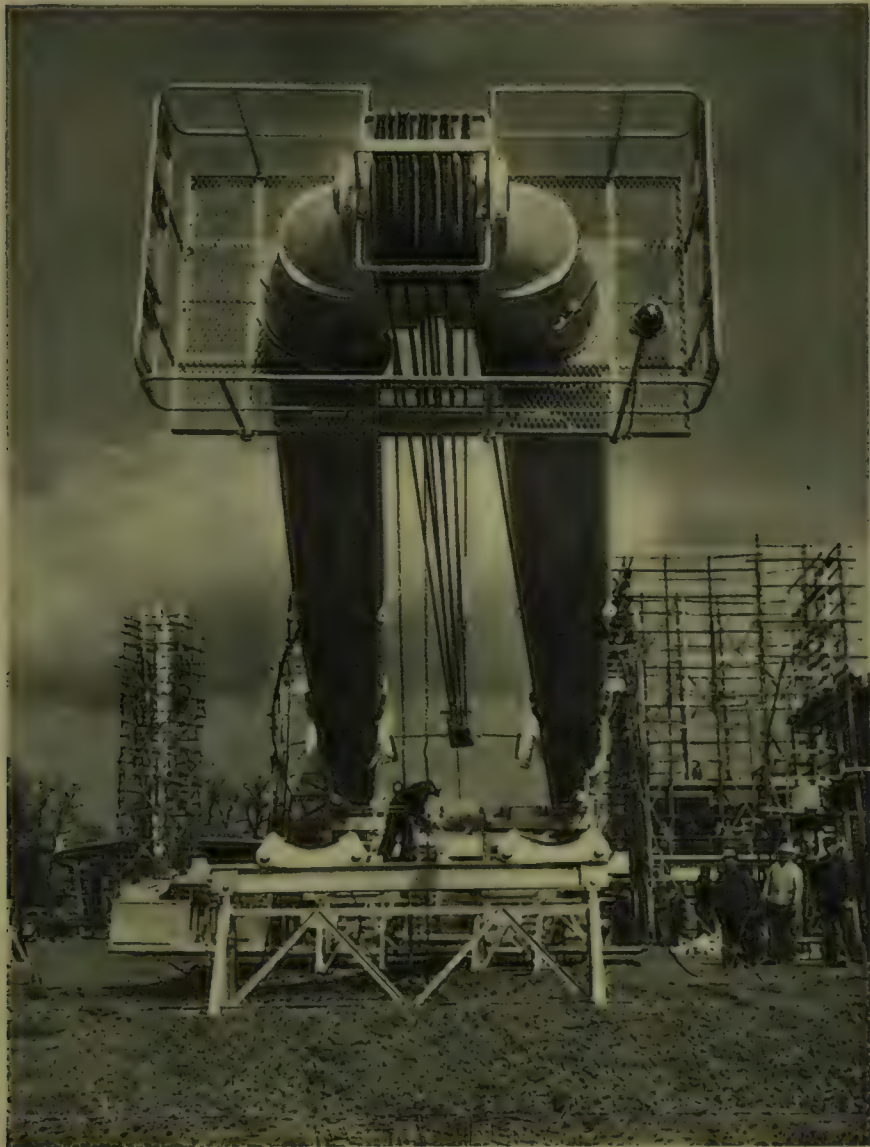


A SHOVEL IN THE GRAND MANNER: THE BUSINESS END OF A GIANT EXCAVATOR EXHIBITED BY A HAMBURG FIRM AT THE HANOVER INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL FAIR.



NEARLY FOUR CRICKET PITCHES TALL: A 250-FT. CHIMNEY BEING HOISTED INTO POSITION IN THE NEW DISTILLATION UNIT AT THE ISLE OF GRAIN REFINERY.

For this operation, part of the extension of the British Petroleum Company's oil refinery at the Isle of Grain, Kent, two special diesel winches were required on account of the height and the "sail area" of the chimney.



120 FT. HIGH, BUT PORTABLE: A MOBILE OIL-DRILLING RIG BEING ERRECTED AT THE HANOVER INDUSTRIAL FAIR. IT IS GERMAN MADE.



ERECTED AND READY TO DRILL IN 135 SECONDS: THE PORTABLE DRILL IN POSITION AT THE FAIR. IT CAN DRILL TO A DEPTH OF 9000 FT.

The four photographs on this page give some idea of the huge size—and capital cost—of the plant and specialised mechanisms required in modern large-scale industry. One is part of the Isle of Grain oil refinery; the other three photographs were taken at the great German International Industrial Fair at Hanover—which itself has been claimed as the world's largest fair of its kind. More than 4000 firms are exhibiting, of which about a tenth are non-German. It is being visited by very many overseas delegations,

including three large groups from Russia—a fact which is thought to portend increased trade between the Soviet Union and West Germany. Perhaps, however, the most astonishing exhibit comes from Great Britain—complete nuclear power stations for sale, with fuel to operate them—a revolutionary exhibit and a triumph for this country. The exhibit has been arranged by the Board of Trade in co-operation with the Atomic Energy Authority and the Nuclear Trade Association's Conference, which represents about 2000 firms.



THANKS in the main to the scholarly imagination of the late Professor Sir Geoffrey Callender and to the single-minded enthusiasm of the late Sir James Caird, the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich is one of the minor (some would say, one of the major) wonders of the world, the guardian of naval and seafaring history and splendidly housed on a magnificent site looking down upon a Wren masterpiece and the ebb and flow of the Thames tidal waters. It already owns some 600 or 700 drawings by the two Van de Veldes, father and son, most of them ship drawings chosen for their interest as historical documents and presented by Sir James Caird. Sir Bruce Ingram has now presented his collection of Van de Velde drawings, 700 of them, acquired over the past twenty-five years or so for aesthetic rather than historical reasons, and thus neatly provided the Museum with exactly that wider range of the work of these two remarkable men in which it has been deficient.

These few illustrations give some idea of the importance of the gift and of the consistently high achievement of the two artists, who combined in so surprising a manner a single-minded passion for ships and the sea with the enterprise demanded of a modern war correspondent. National rivalries were bitter enough, but that was a long time ago; the two served first Holland, then England, and so set a standard for marine painting and draughtsmanship which influenced English artists for at least a century and a half. They belong to both countries in equal measure.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A NOTABLE GIFT TO THE NATION.

portraits at Chatham. They returned home just before the outbreak of the Anglo-Dutch war of 1665, with the strain of those few months recorded by the elder in a drawing dated November 1664, describing a dream—so vivid a dream (it was apparently an invasion of England by the Dutch) that it just had to be put down in black chalk and wash. By 1673 they were once again in England, this time for good, though the younger man went to Holland in 1686 to carry out various commissions: Fig. 8, "The head of a Dutch yacht," is a drawing made during this visit.

At first sight the two men might seem to share identical minds, so close is their affinity, but with application and, I hasten to add, the patient guidance of Sir Bruce himself, one soon begins to detect differences in approach and in temper. Moreover, many drawings, previously thought to be by Porcellis, or some other Dutch artist,

brush, the movement of the sea and the wind in the sails, or with a clean flat wash recorded with facile truthfulness the appearance of a ship becalmed in a morning mist."

Fig. 5 is a most beautiful example of the younger Willem's feeling for atmosphere. Fig. 6 is one of many studies of ships labouring in a heavy sea, a subject which clearly interested him, especially during his last years. It is suggested that the occasion was the Great Storm of 1703. In this rapid sketch he evidently realised he had made a mistake, for he has crossed out the pennant at the mast-head of the ship on the right. In Fig. 7, with its long inscription, he has evidently been at pains to demonstrate the rules of perspective by which he worked. He has placed his horizon at a height of 20 ft. above the base line. At Greenwich there is a drawing with vessels in much the same positions but with the horizon 5 ft. above the base line. In the inscription he refers to a third drawing with the horizon 10 ft. above the base line; this has not yet been identified. What must be one of the very latest of his drawings is Fig. 9, representing the action at Vigo in 1702. From drawings already at Greenwich it appears that in 1707 he was working on sketches for a painting of this subject, and this is one of them.

It is curious that not so very many years ago there was a tendency for painters and draughtsmen who chose the sea for their subject to be despised by the pundits of the art world as somehow inferior beings, not quite worthy of professional status—hangers on, rather than as masters in their own right. This may have been partly due to a certain uncritical enthusiasm in some quarters which could see no distinction between good and not so good, provided there was a ship in the picture. We are all, I imagine, a trifle more judicious nowadays, and are prepared to

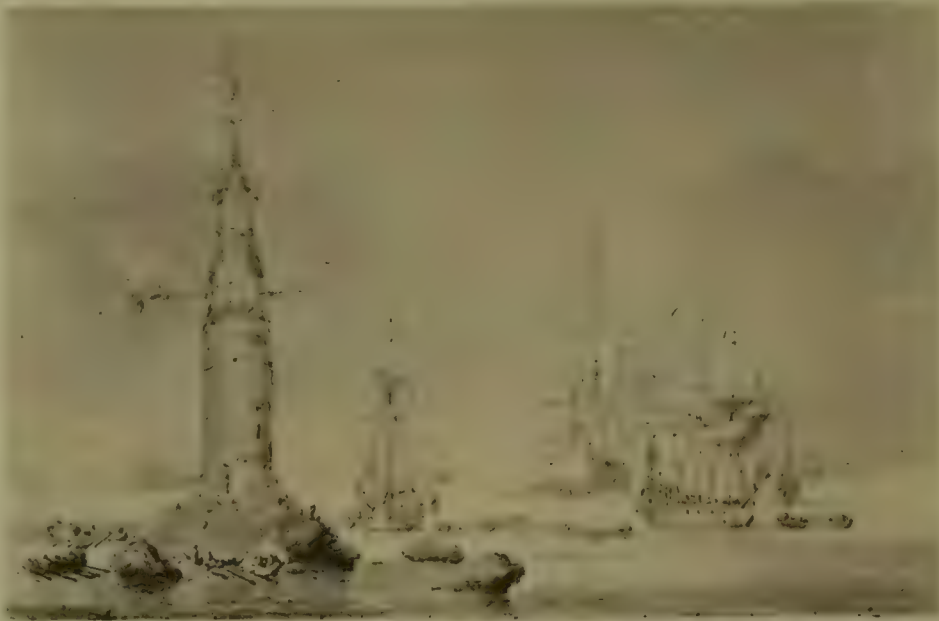


FIG. 1. "THE NEWLY-BUILT EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE," A LATE DRAWING BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER, IN SIR BRUCE INGRAM'S GIFT OF 700 VAN DE VELDE DRAWINGS TO THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM AT GREENWICH. (Pencil and wash; 10½ by 16 ins.)



FIG. 2. "THE DUTCH FRIGATE POSTILION," BY THE YOUNGER VAN DE VELDE: AN EXAMPLE OF THE 'CAREFUL STUDIES OF SHIPS MADE BY BOTH VAN DE VELDES FOR INCLUSION IN THEIR PAINTINGS. FRANK DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THIS NOTABLE GIFT TO GREENWICH IN HIS ARTICLE.

Pencil and wash; 9½ by 14½ ins.



FIG. 3. "A GROUP OF FISHERMEN," BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE ELDER. SIR BRUCE INGRAM'S GIFT INCLUDES A NUMBER OF SUCH CLEVERLY DRAWN FIGURE STUDIES, WHICH HE HIMSELF IDENTIFIED AS THE WORK OF THE ELDER WILLEM VAN DE VELDE.

Pen and brown ink and grey wash over preliminary pencil; 5½ by 7½ ins.

The elder Willem van de Velde (1611-1693) began life as a sailor and brought to his drawing and painting something unique—an exact and meticulous knowledge of the details of ship construction. Whether employed by Dutch or English during the wars, he would push out in his galliot into the middle of the engagement and make rapid drawings of the scenes around him, much as many photographers did on sea and land during Hitler's war. On his return he would use these action drawings as a basis for the "grisailles" or pen-paintings which were so popular at the time. The son, also Willem (1633-1707), learnt all this from his father, and also, from de Vlieger (as Sir Geoffrey Callender has pointed out), the more subtle nuances of light and shade upon translucent water. Both painters were in England in 1664, when Willem the Elder made many ship

have now been established as by the elder Van de Velde—drawings such as Fig. 3 here, the group of fishermen, an identification which has been amply confirmed by reference to the large collection of "grisailles" at Greenwich; and Fig. 4, "Pile driving on the Dutch coast." Perhaps the essential difference between father and son can best be summed up in the words of Sir Geoffrey Callender in his introduction to an exhibition at Colnaghi's in 1936: "The drawings of the younger Van de Velde are not so much records of historic incidents or hard facts, as preparatory studies for the oil paintings which were to follow. It was the father who faithfully recorded the occasion of the Duke of York's landing at Gravesend with Princess Mary of Modena, his second wife, in 1673; whereas it was the son who set down, with a few flecks of the

judge a man by his skill, whether he is drawing a ship, a skull, a nude or a tree. By this standard, and in their chosen field, the two Van de Veldes surely stand out as great little Masters indeed, between them showing us not just the shape and fashion of seventeenth-century ships, but enabling us to register the lively animation of a harbour, to hear the wind in the rigging, to feel the warmth of the sun in our bones in a dead calm. It is true enough that they have their limitations. They are not concerned with the depths of the human heart nor do they claim the intensity of vision of the world's greatest painters; but in their quiet, delicate manner they interpreted the ever-changing moods of air and water so sensitively that succeeding generations have inevitably built up an image of that seventeenth-century world of ships in the likeness they gave to it—and that, surely, is fame enough.

A NOTABLE GIFT TO THE NATION: SEVEN HUNDRED VAN DE VELDE DRAWINGS.



FIG. 4. "PILE-DRIVING ON THE DUTCH COAST," BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE ELDER (1611-1693): IN THE GROUP OF "SHORESCAPES" WHICH SIR BRUCE INGRAM IDENTIFIED AS THE WORK OF THE ELDER VAN DE VELDE. SIR BRUCE HAS PRESENTED 700 VAN DE VELDE DRAWINGS TO THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM. (Pen and brown ink with grey wash; 2½ by 12½ ins.)



FIG. 5. "DUTCH SHIPPING BECALMED OFF THE COAST": A STRIKING EXAMPLE BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER (1633-1707). (Pen and brown ink with grey wash; 4 by 8½ ins.)



FIG. 7. "SHIPPING BECALMED: A STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE," AN INSCRIBED DRAWING BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER. (Pen and brown ink with grey wash; 9½ by 14½ ins.)

THE work of the Dutch school in the seventeenth century provides one of the outstanding chapters in the history of Western art. At a time when their country was at the height of its political and economic achievement, Dutch artists were leading Europe in their own realm. This great nation lived by and on the sea and it was natural that the marine painters should have made an important contribution to the school. Outstanding among them were a gifted father and son—the Elder and the Younger Willem van de Velde. The collection of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich has now been greatly enriched by Sir Bruce Ingram's gift of 700 Van de Velde drawings, which have long formed a notable feature of Sir Bruce's well-known collection of old master drawings. The Museum also owns some 700 Van de Velde drawings from the collection of Sir James Caird, who was collecting at the same time as Sir Bruce, but concentrating rather on the drawings of historical interest, while Sir Bruce was more interested in those of high artistic merit. Sir Bruce's gift now makes the National Maritime Museum's collection of Van de Velde drawings not only the largest in the world but also a fully representative one. In rather different ways both Van de Veldes were superb draughtsmen—the Elder using his pen and pencil to give accurate records of events and details, whilst the Younger used these media less deliberately to give wonderfully atmospheric impressions with a great economy, and yet strength, of line. The high æsthetic value of the drawings is shown by those illustrated here. Many combine this quality with great historical interest; for example, Fig. 1, which records the first Eddystone lighthouse, finished by Henry Winstanley in 1699, and destroyed in the Great Storm of 1703, carrying its unfortunate designer to his death. Sir Bruce Ingram has made notable contributions to our knowledge of the work of the Van de Veldes, and now, by presenting his collection to the Museum, he will enable a wider circle of students to share in his own enthusiasm.

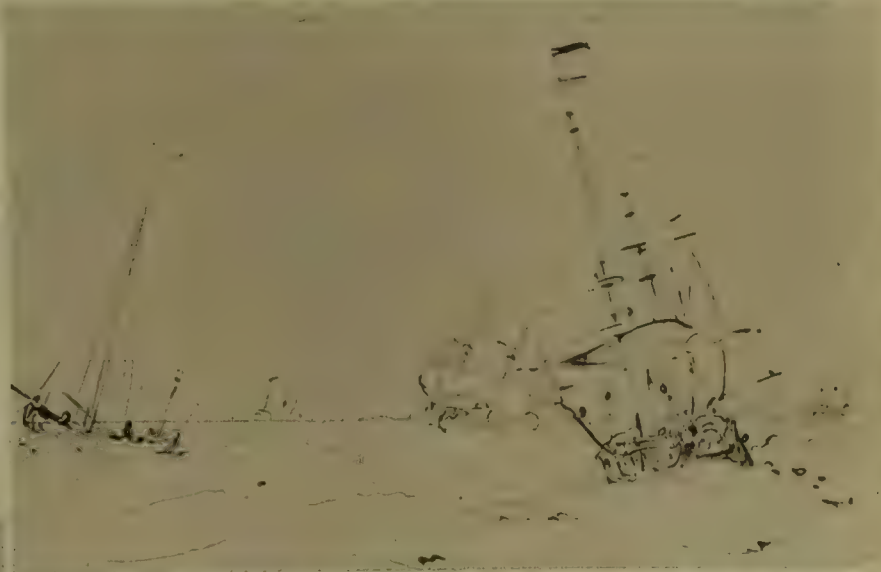


FIG. 6. "SHIPS LABOURING IN A HEAVY SEA": A LATE DRAWING BY THE YOUNGER VAN DE VELDE OF A SUBJECT WHICH FASCINATED HIM. (Pen and ink; 7½ by 11½ ins.)

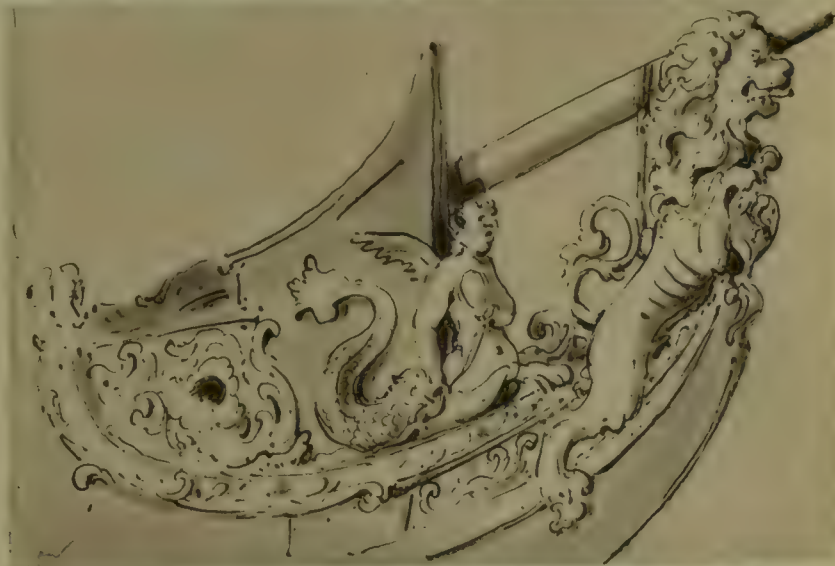
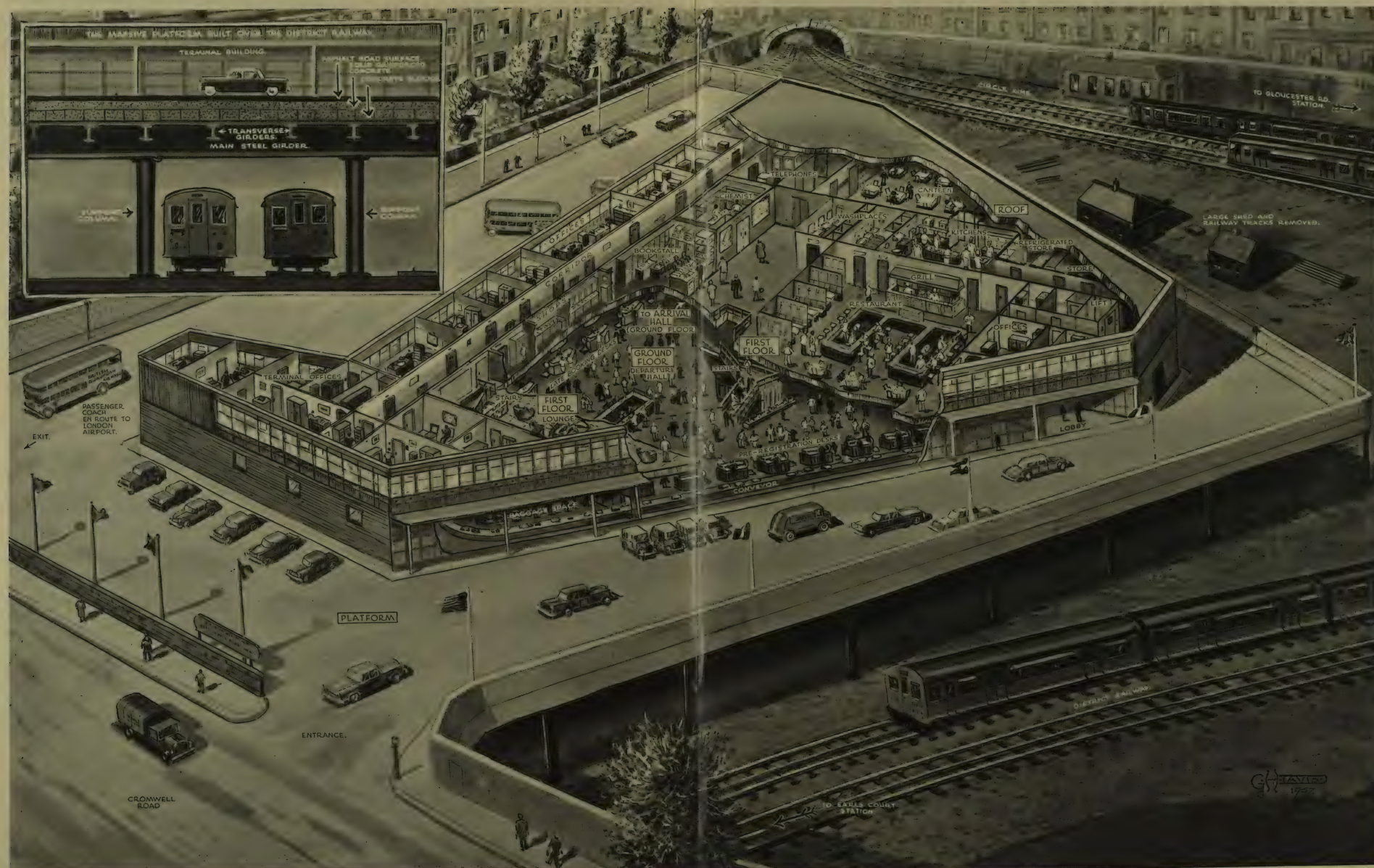


FIG. 8. "THE HEAD OF A DUTCH YACHT": DRAWN BY THE YOUNGER VAN DE VELDE WHEN HE RE-VISITED HOLLAND IN 1686. (Pen and ink with grey wash; 9 by 11½ ins.)



FIG. 9. "THE ACTION AT VIGO, 1702": A LATE DRAWING BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER OF AN ACTION IN WHICH A COMBINED ANGLO-DUTCH SQUADRON COMPLETELY DESTROYED A LARGE FRENCH AND SPANISH FLEET OF TREASURE SHIPS WHICH HAD TAKEN SHELTER BEHIND A BOOM IN VIGO BAY. (Pencil and wash; 10½ by 16 ins.)



BEGUN ON APRIL 12 AND DUE TO BE COMPLETED BY SEPTEMBER: THE NEW WEST LONDON AIR TERMINAL ON ITS PLATFORM SPANNING LONDON TRANSPORT RAILWAY TRACKS.

The new West London Air Terminal, which will replace the existing British European Airways Waterloo Air Terminal, is expected to come into operation this autumn. The new terminal will be situated at the city end of the new roadway to London Airport and is being built on a giant steel and concrete platform spanning the London Transport railway tracks adjacent to Cromwell Road.

The terminal building is of the pre-constructed type, and its various component sections have been manufactured in different parts of the country. Completed sections have been brought to a depository close to the site, where they are available for the speedy erection of the building. The terminal itself, excluding the platform, is scheduled to be completed in four and a half months. To enable so

large a building to be erected in this short space of time highly detailed plans have had to be made well in advance, and there has been the closest co-ordination between the sponsors, Air Terminals Limited, and the contractors, Richard Costain Ltd. The platform for the terminal has been erected for the London Transport Executive. The external walls of the terminal will be of glass and

mahogany, and inside, the walls will be faced with a coloured hardboard. On the ground floor there will be large Departure and Arrival Halls, and besides a bookstall and shops, numerous other facilities will be provided for passengers. A central staircase will lead to the upper floor, where there is to be a Passenger Lounge with a buffet counter and licensed bar of ample proportions.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Messrs. Richard Costain Ltd. and Air Terminals Ltd.

RECORDING THE FACE OF ANCIENT ETRURIA BEFORE MODERN AGRICULTURAL METHODS DESTROY THE TRACES.

By J. B. WARD PERKINS, C.B.E., Director of the British School at Rome.

THE face of central and southern Italy is changing rapidly. Under the impact of the ambitious schemes for land-reform introduced by successive post-war Governments, huge areas of derelict or under-cultivated land are being transformed into smallholdings, and great tracts of country that until a few years ago were devoted almost exclusively to stock-breeding are now dotted with small farmsteads and fields of corn, vines and olives. . . The romantic wilderness dear

to convenience. It is the resultant shift in the pattern that makes the archaeologist's work possible. Where occupation has been continuous for many centuries, earlier features get overlaid and can only be recovered, if at all, by costly excavation. Where, on the other hand, there has been any substantial dislocation, it is nearly always possible to detect traces of what went before. A few of the major Etruscan towns, such as Volaterræ, have been continuously occupied since

ancient times; but many others have at one time or another been abandoned or displaced, and it is these that furnish the clearest indications of their own historic past.

When Veii was finally captured by the Romans in 396 B.C., only its temples were spared; the town itself was razed to the ground and subsequent settlements on or near the site have never achieved more than local importance. One

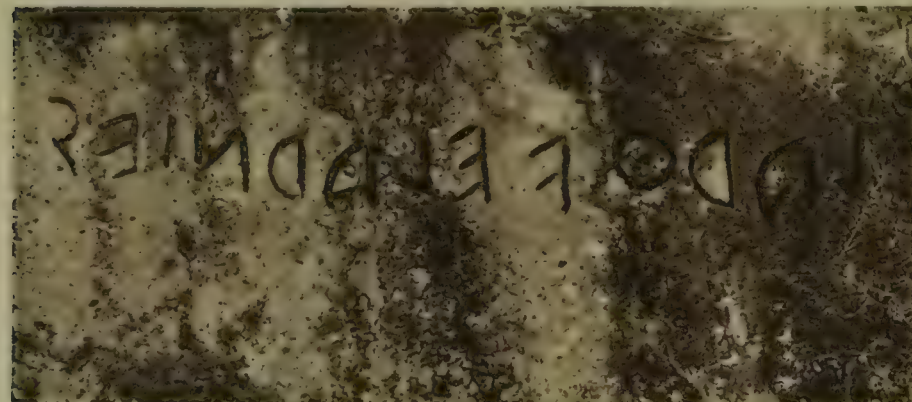


FIG. 1. A ROCK-CUT INSCRIPTION DISCOVERED ON THE ROCK WALL OF THE ROAD SHOWN IN FIG. 8. IT READS FROM RIGHT TO LEFT AND RECORDS THE NAME "LARTH. VEL. ARNIES."

of the most startling results of the recent work has been the discovery that not only is the network of ancient roads radiating from Veii still clearly determinable in almost every detail, but that in scale and conception these Etruscan roads will bear comparison with anything that Rome achieved in the same field centuries later. They were designed to carry heavy wheeled traffic, and they were furnished with bridges, surface drainage, cuttings and tunnels. Here and there they may have been paved, but for the most part they were carefully sited to make use of the road surface afforded by

to an earlier generation of British travellers, inhabited only by an occasional shepherd, is gone for ever; and with it is vanishing, or has already vanished, the record of past history imprinted on the surface of the landscape. As in our own country, modern mechanical methods of farming can obliterate overnight all but the sturdiest of those features which, to a trained eye, reveal the story of the centuries. One of the most urgent, and at the same time most rewarding, tasks that face the archaeologist in Italy to-day is the recording of these features while there is yet time.

These are the considerations that lie behind the British School at Rome's current programme of field-work. With the aid of a substantial grant from Oxford University the School is engaged in recording as many as possible of the surface antiquities of the area that lies to the north and west of Rome, between the River Tiber and the sea. In antiquity this was part of Etruria, Rome's predecessor in the hegemony of central Italy. To the north, less than ten miles from the gates of Rome, is the site of Veii, Rome's earliest and most bitter rival. Twenty miles to the west, on the foothills overlooking the coast, lies Cerveteri, the ancient Caere, famed in antiquity for the wealth and luxury to which its vast cemeteries to-day still bear witness (see *The Illustrated London News*, June 16, 1956, and March 30, 1957). Beyond these two cities, but still within easy reach of Rome, lay Tarquinia, Vulci, Falerii, and a score of lesser towns, and beyond these again the great centres of central and northern Etruria, Volsinii, Clusium, Perugia, Volaterræ, Vetulonia—names which still have a magic to conjure up something of the splendours of this vanished civilisation. . .

British scholars were among the first to interest themselves in the topography of ancient Etruria. . . Later scholars concentrated their attention almost exclusively on the tantalising problems posed by the Etruscan language and on the vast wealth of objects yielded by the cemeteries of Etruria. . . To-day, however, there is a growing realisation that the picture resulting from such an approach is bound to be one-sided; and the task of the field-worker has been greatly facilitated by the use of air photographs and by the opening-up of roads in areas that have until recently been almost wholly inaccessible. The results already promise to add a fresh dimension to the archaeology of Etruria.

The first requirement of any such programme of field-survey is to establish the pattern of ancient settlement. The more primitive the society, the more closely this pattern is likely to turn upon a few simple geographical factors, such as water supply, natural communications and defence. As resources and engineering still increase, the dependence on such factors grows less. Water is piped in by aqueduct, bridges carry roads across what had been impassable obstacles, defence gives way



FIG. 3. AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF ANCIENT VEII AND THE COUNTRY TO THE NORTH OF IT, INTERPRETED.

This photograph is marked to show the walls of Veii, the roads leading from its gates, and the lines of various *cuniculi*, underground drainage channels, which had the effect of preventing erosion.

the soft, volcanic tufa of which the whole district is composed; to this day the neighbouring country roads are simply trenched into the rock, and when the ruts become too deep they are resurfaced by cutting the whole road surface a foot or two deeper. The major bridges seem to have been built of timber resting on masonry abutments, but many of the smaller crossings were ingeniously

contrived by tunnelling through the rock and diverting the stream through the resulting channel. . .

The Etruscans were skilled hydraulic engineers. There can be little doubt that the first Roman aqueducts (which were almost entirely subterranean conduits) were based on Etruscan models, and it seems very likely that an actual example of Etruscan date has now been identified near Corchiano. At the point where it crosses a steep-sided valley it is carried on a massive dam-like wall 60 ft. long and 30 ft. high. Instead of through an arch, the stream has been diverted through a channel cut into one of the cliffs, and the actual conduit is carried across the top of the wall.

Another manifestation of the Etruscan interest in hydraulics is the series of *cuniculi* with which

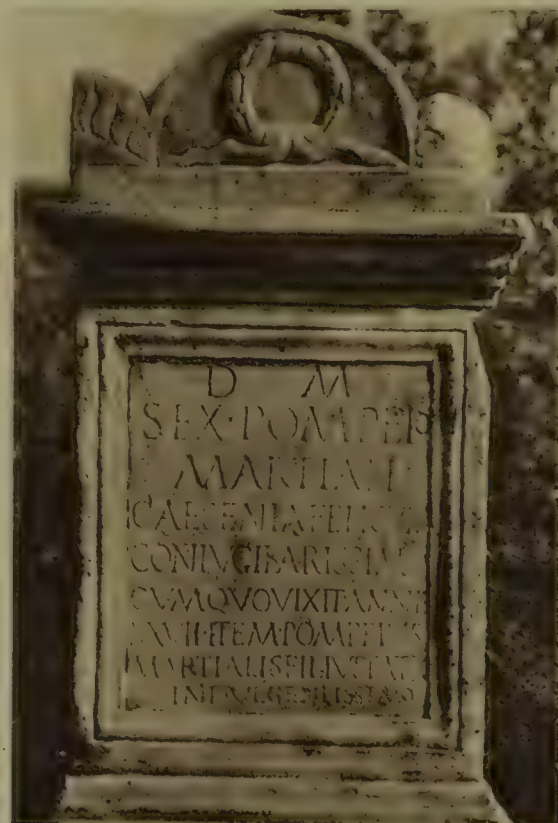


FIG. 2. A ROMAN FUNERARY INSCRIPTION, COMMEMORATING SEXTUS POMPEIUS MARTIALIS.

This was ploughed out by peasants in October 1956. Every day fresh Roman sites are being ploughed out, and one of the most urgent tasks facing archaeologists is the recording of these before they are scattered and dispersed.

the whole area to the north of Veii is honey-combed (Figs. 3, 4 and 7). The *cuniculi* are rock-cut tunnels, just large enough for a man to work in, with vertical shafts at regular intervals for ventilation and for the extraction of the excavated debris. The Romans, too, dug similar channels, and there has been considerable argument in the past as to whether they were intended for water supply or drainage. In the case of the series to the north of Veii, the answer is not in doubt. On close inspection almost every one of the many smaller streams that drain the area can be seen to have been taken out of its natural bed and diverted into a *cuniculus* cut in the rock along the side of the valley, some of them as much as two miles long. The purpose is clearly drainage, since the *cuniculi* eventually discharge into the parent streams; and, whether or not it was part of their intended function, they have, in fact, had the effect of eliminating the erosion of the surface soil which is elsewhere so striking a feature of the Etruscan landscape. A glance at the air photograph (Fig. 3) reveals a smooth, uneroded area around Veii corresponding precisely to the area covered by the *cuniculi*. These must surely be the home fields of Etruscan Veii.

Falerii was destroyed in 242 B.C. Unlike the Veientes, its inhabitants were not sold into slavery but were resettled on a new and less impregnable site, Falerii Novi, two miles to the west. At the same time a new road, the Via Amerina, was driven through the heart of the Faliscan territory. For the first part of its length, as far as Nepi, it is a winding country road, skilfully sited to make the best use of the contours, but with few major engineering features. It must go back in Roman use at least to the fourth century B.C., when Roman colonies were settled at Nepi; and it may, in fact, very well be little more than a paved version of an Etruscan road linking Veii with the pre-Roman city of Nepes.

(Continued opposite.)

THE OLDEST ROMAN BRIDGE; AND ASPECTS OF ETRUSCAN ENGINEERING REVEALED.



FIG. 4. ENTRANCE-HOLES TO A *CUNICULUS* NORTH OF VEII. THESE *CUNICULI* RESEMBLE PHYSICALLY THE PERSIAN *QANATS*, BUT SERVED AS DRAINS NOT AQUEDUCTS.



FIG. 5. THE ANCIENT ROAD TO TARQUINIA, ABOUT A MILE NORTH OF VEII. CARVED FROM SOFT ROCK, THESE ROADS WERE PERIODICALLY LEVELLED, AND SO GREW DEEPER.



FIG. 6. PROBABLY THE OLDEST SURVIVING LARGE ROMAN BRIDGE. ON THE VIA AMERINA, BETWEEN NEPI AND FALERII NOVI, AND ALMOST CERTAINLY BUILT C. 240 B.C.

Continued.
The stretch from Nepi to Falerii Novi, which must have been laid out in or very soon after 242 B.C., is completely different in character. Except at one unusually difficult river-crossing, it makes no concessions whatever to the terrain. It is laid out in a dead straight line, and the half-dozen precipitous valleys that lie along its path are crossed by the simple expedient of trenching down through the cliffs on either side (trenches some 30 ft. wide and up to 20 ft. deep) and throwing a massive, single-arched bridge across the central gap. One of these bridges is still almost intact (Fig. 6), smothered in undergrowth and known only to local farmers and shepherds. If, as seems almost certain, it dates from the original layout of the road, it is the earliest surviving Roman bridge of any size, twenty years earlier than its nearest rival, the Ponte Milvio, in the suburbs of Rome. Elsewhere along the Via Amerina the Roman engineers were content to adapt existing



FIG. 7. INSIDE A ROCK-CUT *CUNICULUS*, NEAR VEII. THIS TUNNEL IS NEARLY TWO MILES LONG. A HUMAN FIGURE CAN BE SEEN IN A POOL OF LIGHT FROM A VERTICAL SHAFT.

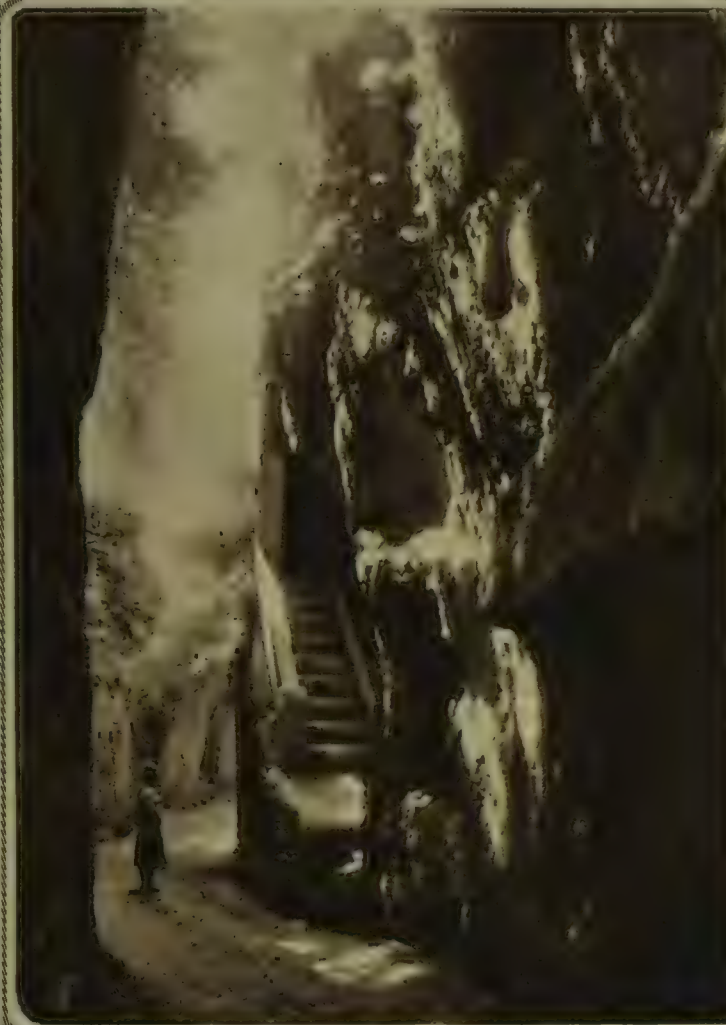
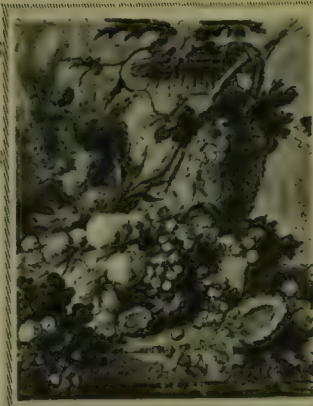


FIG. 8. THE DEEP ROCK-CUTTING OF THE OLD ETRUSCAN ROAD NEAR CORCHIANO. THE STEPS (RIGHT) LEAD TO A CHRISTIAN SHRINE. THE INSCRIPTION (FIG. 1) WAS FOUND NEAR HERE.

Etruscan roads, of which there are many splendid examples to be seen in the countryside around Civita Castellana and Corchiano (Fig. 8), winding cross-country tracks with, here and there, spectacular rock-cuttings leading down through the cliffs of the precipitous valleys that are so characteristic and beautiful a feature of the Faliscan countryside. Some of these roads are now abandoned and choked with undergrowth, but many are still in active use, their Etruscan origin attested only by the tombs that line them and by an occasional rock-cut inscription (Fig. 1). In them you meet the peasant and his mule carting a load of brushwood, or his wife carrying her washing down to the stream. Despite the tractors and the radios, the sense of the continuity of life across the centuries is still overwhelmingly strong. Like our own age, the Romans brought many innovations; but as soon as Roman central authority collapsed, life reverted to its ancient pattern.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



UNTIL a day or two ago I was under the impression—without having given much thought to the matter—that I had grown and used aubrietas in every

way in which they could be usefully grown. They find their way, of course, into almost every rock garden, except perhaps the most austere and exclusively Alpine examples. They form pools of rich and brilliant colour in the forefront of most herbaceous and mixed flower borders. They are set to tumble down steep banks, and I have seen them forming pats of colour—purple, pink and lavender—among the crevices of paved paths, both the crazy variety and the saner, more orderly random rectangular sort. For this last use I do not recommend aubrietas. I hold that a path should provide easy and pleasant walking, and it is a tiresome bore if one has to dodge, and zig and zag as one strolls, to avoid treading upon and mutilating beautiful coloured floral cushions such as aubrietas form among the flag stones.

It is more practical, and provides pleasanter walking, if herbage for the pavement crevices is confined to really dwarf and closely creeping things which will tolerate a certain amount of foot-traffic, and even appear almost to enjoy it—plants such as the many forms of the creeping thyme: *Thymus serpyllum*, pink, crimson, white-flowered, golden-leaved and woolly-leaved; *Acæna microphylla*, *Linaria aequitriloba*, and *L. hepaticæfolia*; the annual Toadflax *Linaria alpina*, and the Pyrenean *Linaria faucicola*, *Arenaria baccarica*, the annual Violet Cress, *Ionopsidium acaule*, and a dozen other such true dwarfs. But perhaps the finest of all homes and settings for the aubrietas is a well-constructed wall-garden, with a sunny aspect and open position. Here, with their roots cool and comfortable between the stones or the bricks of which the wall is built, and in the good soil behind, the plants will live for ever and ever, cascading down in spring and early summer in curtains of many colours—purple, violet, lavender, pink, crimson, claret—in almost endless tones and shades. All they ask is reasonable loam, laced with a little lime in some form, mortar rubble, the local chalk, or limestone, if any, or just garden lime. It is so easy to provide and the aubrietas respond to it so heartily that it is poor policy to deny them this simple treat. In acid, peaty soils it is an imperative necessity.

A few days ago I saw aubrietas grown and used in a way that I had never met before. At the foot of a low terrace wall, a bed about 3 ft. wide, and perhaps 20 or 30 yards long, had been planted from end to end with mixed aubrietas. Every colour and tone of colour to which the family is heir was represented, forming a rich and brilliant runner rug. At first I thought, what a magnificent idea, but how sad in a few weeks' time when the flowering was over. Not a bit of it. I was told that directly the splendour of spring flowering is over, the plants will be taken up, to be replaced by summer bedding plants. In fact, those

AUBRIETAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

aubrietas were being used as spring bedding plants, just as wallflowers, forget-me-nots, double daisies and polyanthus primroses are used. And I was informed that the plants had all been raised from seeds, sown last summer. And the packet of seeds had cost, I was told, 3s. 6d.—or was it 1s. 6d.? No matter. Whichever it was, that splendid band of colour was cheap at the price. This plan was new to me. I knew, of course, that aubrietas are quite easy to raise from seed, and doubtless seedlings raised one spring and planted out somewhere in the background along with the seedling wallflowers, would make sizeable specimens to flower well the following spring. But I had never seen them planted *en masse*, entirely filling a

in the matter of labour involved, or in the resulting display. But of one thing there could be no doubt. Those aubrietas had come from a very good strain of seed. The range of colour was wide, varied, and there were endless splendid colours in the mixture, both rich and brilliant kinds and pale, pastel tones.

In growing aubrietas from seed in this way it would undoubtedly pay to invest in a really fine strain from a seed firm of high repute. But this, of course, is true of any race or strain of flowering plants which depends upon careful breeding. It is always worth while paying a little more to obtain the best, for the best cost no more to grow in

either skill or labour than the second or third best—or the worst. Before I was told that that border of aubrietas had been raised from seed, I ran my eye over the plants, on the look-out for any of my favourite named varieties, but although I saw none that I could name with any certainty, I was left in no doubt that many individual plants in the mixture came very near some of the finest named varieties. On the other hand, there were many plants which, as individuals, one might not perhaps pick out for special propagation, yet the mixture, as so often happens with mixtures, was wholly pleasing—more pleasing perhaps than if one had secured equal numbers of the finest named sorts, mixed them up and then planted them.

It was, I think, the small proportion of rather less outstanding seedlings, especially the paler tones, which caused the whole to avoid any taint of too utterly strident Chelsea

standard of perfection. Yes, for spring bedding I can strongly recommend mixed seedling aubrietas. On the other hand, for planting in the wall garden, and for pools of colour in the front of the herbaceous border, I would always prefer a selection of the finest named varieties. There is no lack of these. And always my first choice would be the immortal "Dr. Mules,"

which has a compactness of habit, and a brilliance of violet colour which have kept it a favourite for well over fifty years. Other favourites of mine are "Lavender," with large blossoms of an exquisite light lavender-blue; "Carnival," a handsome violet which was first distributed by my old Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage a good many years ago; "Gloriosa," with big silvery pink blossoms; "Mrs. Rodewald," deep crimson; and "Vindictive," vivid claret-crimson, which cropped up as a volunteer seedling at Six Hills at the time when all the world was thrilled by the gallant exploit of H.M.S. *Vindictive* at Zeebrugge during the First World War.

One hint as to cultivation of aubrietas. Directly the plants have finished flowering it is a good plan to cut all the trailing growth hard back. The plants look deplorable for a week or two, but they soon produce a fresh crop of vigorous growth which flowers in due season, all the better for this ruthless Eton crop.



A RICH AND BRILLIANT CARPET OF MANY-COLOURED AUBRIETAS WITH—IN THIS CASE—A FEW OTHER PLANTS. ALTHOUGH THIS IS A PERMANENT PLANTING, IT GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE "BEDDING-OUT" EFFECT TO WHICH MR. ELLIOTT REFERS. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

whole formal bed. On one point in this particular instance I am uncertain. I was not told whether, after flowering, those plants were lifted, cut hard back, and grown on in a reserve bed for planting out again in autumn, for next spring's display, or whether the roots were scrapped and a fresh batch of seedlings raised each year. I do not think there would be much in it either way,

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THE "SPIKED" AND "BEARDED" AREND-ROLAND COMET—ON FIVE NIGHTS.



FIG. 1. THE AREND-ROLAND COMET ON APRIL 23, THE FIRST NIGHT IT WAS VISIBLE FROM LONDON. AN 8-MINUTE EXPOSURE MADE AT 9 P.M. G.M.T.



FIG. 2. A 35-MINUTE EXPOSURE TAKEN ON APRIL 24 AT 9.30 P.M. G.M.T. CLEARLY SHOWING THE "BEARD," "SPIKE," AND THE HOLLOW CONE.



FIG. 3. AFTER TWO INTERVENING CLOUDY NIGHTS: A 40-MINUTE EXPOSURE ON APRIL 27 AT 10 P.M. G.M.T. THE HOLLOW CONE HAS GONE.

Continued.

that are responsible; for the former would require only a few minutes to reach the comet while the latter would take nearly a day over the journey. In the last three photographs the tail is seen to be broadening out into a fan with three main components. Most bright comets show a tail which is directed more or less away from the sun; but only a few of them have shown a "beard" directed towards the sun, and in none has the beard been so well developed as in this case. But a quite unique feature of this comet is the long, slender and perfectly straight "spike" running down the middle of the beard. It is seen how, as the comet moves from night to night, the direction of the spike changes in relation to that of the tail. Measurements show that the only change has been in the direction of the line joining the comet to the sun, and hence in the direction of the tail which always points away from the sun; and that the spike is pointing towards the same direction in the sky on all five photographs. Only in the second picture (Fig. 2) did it happen for a

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 4. ON APRIL 28, AT 11.50 P.M. G.M.T.: A 45-MINUTE EXPOSURE, SHOWING FINE LONGITUDINAL FILAMENTS WITH WAVY, IRREGULAR STRUCTURE.

Continued.

time to point more or less towards the sun. A comet is probably a single body—a sort of lattice-work of icicles—perhaps about 10 miles in diameter. What we actually see is the cloud of gas and dust which the sun's heat evaporates from the surface of the ice. Part of this cloud forms the head of the comet, about 100,000 miles across, and part of it is driven backwards by the repelling action of sunlight to form the tail, which in this case was about 15,000,000 miles long. Some of the particles in the cloud—probably electrons and the larger dust particles—are not repelled by sunlight; and these may move outwards in all directions, including that towards the sun. But it is as yet a complete mystery how to explain the extraordinary directional effect shown by the spike, which on April 24 was 7,000,000 miles long and yet only about 10,000 miles wide! It looks as though the particles are being ejected from a deep tubular crevice in the ice, rather like the barrel of a gun. The photographs were taken with a 6-in. lens of 26-in. focus on Kodak Oa-O plates through an Ilford Avioli filter. The camera was driven to follow the comet as it moved among the stars, which therefore appear to be drawn out into short trails. On the fifth photograph each star trail is seen to be broken in the middle by a black gap, which is due to a twenty-minute interruption in the middle of the exposure while the plates and filters on a second camera were being changed.



FIG. 5. ON APRIL 29, AT 11.30 P.M.: AN 80-MINUTE EXPOSURE, INTERRUPTED IN THE MIDDLE—NOTE THE STARS' INTERRUPTED TRAILS.

In our last issue we reproduced a magnificent photograph of the Arend-Roland comet taken on April 24 by Dr. R. L. Waterfield from his observatory near Ascot. We reproduce here a series of five photographs of this comet, also taken by Dr. Waterfield, concerning which he writes:

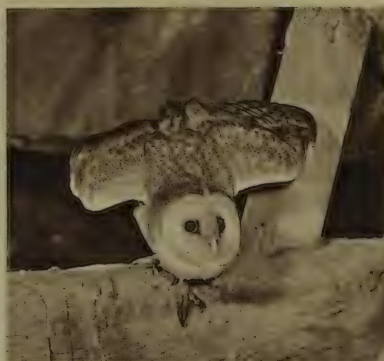
THIS comet, though feeble in comparison with the Daylight Comet of 1910, has been the most spectacular comet visible in the Northern Hemisphere since that date, and photographically it has shown remarkable features. On the first two nights of observation (Figs. 1 and 2) the tail had the form of a narrow hollow cone, completely lacking in any fine structure. But after two cloudy nights there appear in the third and subsequent photographs (Figs. 3, 4 and 5) fine longitudinal filaments in the tail with a wavy, irregular structure. Similar distortions have been seen in the tails of many previous comets; and it has been suggested, but not proved, that they are caused by the impact on the tail of ultra-violet light, or actual corpuscles, emitted from an eruption on the sun. It is significant that a radio fade-out, which invariably indicates a solar eruption, occurred about 1 p.m. G.M.T. on April 25, some 15 hours after the second photograph and about 57 hours before the third photograph. If the gap has been filled in at other observatories it may help to confirm the suggested connection, and indicate whether it is the ultra-violet light or the corpuscles

[Continued above, centre.]

IN A YORKSHIRE BARN: STRIKING STUDIES THEY REARED IN A NEST

THE barn owl, one of the most delightful and photogenic of birds, is rare in many districts of Britain to-day. Mr. A. Faulkner Taylor, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S., is fortunate enough to have found barn owls nesting in a barn in Yorkshire during successive seasons. One year he took a fine series of photographs of four chicks and the parent birds in the pigeon-loft of a barn (some of these were reproduced in our issue of May 21, 1955); and another year he took the photographs, reproduced on these pages, which show the rearing of three chicks in a hole in a barn wall. When Mr. Faulkner Taylor and a friend discovered the latter nest at the end of June they found that the eldest of the three chicks was about two-and-a-half weeks old. It was completely covered with long white down and the body, including the head, was 5 or 6 ins. long and the face already heart-shaped. They placed a British Museum identification ring on a leg of this owlet. It was obvious, from the droppings down the wall outside, that the adults were using as entrance and exit the square vent-hole, some 24 ft. above the ground, at the entrance to the barn. Gradually, so as

(Continued below.)



"TAKE-OFF": ONE OF THE ADULT BIRDS APPEARS TO BE MAKING A LOW OBEISANCE TO THE CAMERA AS IT TAKES-OFF FROM THE BEAM IN THE BARN.



AN ADULT BIRD ABOUT TO LEAVE THE BARN BY THE 18-IN.-SQUARE VENT AT THE TOP OF THE END WALL. NEITHER OF THEM LANDED WHEN FLYING OUT.



CARRYING FOOD TO THE YOUNG: THE ADULT BIRD IN FLIGHT FROM BEAM TO NEST INSIDE THE BARN.



RETURNING TO THE BARN WITH FOOD FOR THE YOUNG: THE OWL, WITH A SHREW IN ITS BEAK, LANDS ON THE VENT-HOLE.

(Continued.)

not to alarm the birds, the hide was constructed. Two 24-in. lengths of 1½-in. steel tubing served as uprights, while the floor rested on two wooden spars which stretched from the uprights to one of the cross-beams in the barn. The completed platform (shown on this page) proved both comfortable and safe. Later, a lower platform was built, from which the photographs of the birds perched on the beam and at the nest entrance were taken. A rope ladder was permanently fixed as a means of access. Mr. Faulkner Taylor writes: "Preparation for a session would commence at 7.30 p.m.—that is, approximately an hour before sunset in mid-July. The camera had to be installed and the electronic flash heads aimed and checked. Careful focus had to be made, taking into consideration the distance the bird would

AS ONE OF THE OWLETS EXERCISES ITS WINGS WITH VIGOROUS FLAPPING: THE ELDEST OWLET (RIGHT), ABOUT EIGHT WEEKS OLD, LOOKS ON DISDAINFULLY.

lean out towards the camera in front of the perching-point. A red light was trained on the entrance-hole to enable the arrival of the bird to be better observed. The eye of the owl is primarily sensitive to blue light and thus it may be assumed to be least sensitive to red. The worst part of a session was the wait for the first visit. This was usually at nine o'clock or earlier on a dull evening, and in the region of ten o'clock on a light evening. The bird would land with an audible thud on the outer edge of the entrance, pause, sometimes for a few seconds, walk forwards to the nearer edge, and again pause before flying across to one of the beams. The camera was focused a little in front of the near edge, and unless the bird was actually seen to land, silhouetted against a bracken-covered hillside, it was almost

(Continued above, right.)

OF BARN OWLS AND THE THREE CHICKS IN A HOLE IN A WALL.



TWO HEART-SHAPED FACES LOOKING OUT ON THE WORLD: THE OWLETS AT THE NEST ENTRANCE. THE THIRD OWLET IS PERCHED BEHIND AND ONLY PART OF ITS HEAD CAN BE SEEN.



A MOMENT LATER: THE OWL WITH WINGS ALMOST CLOSED USES ITS FORWARD MOMENTUM TO CARRY IT OUT THROUGH THE VENT-HOLE.



FLYING FROM BEAM TO NEST WITH FOOD: THE OWL WITH A WOOD MOUSE THE BIRD HAD PREVIOUSLY REMOVED THE STOMACH FROM THE DEAD ANIMAL.

(Continued.)

call softly to one another if both happened to be in the proximity of the barn. Never was the noise which gives barn owls the name 'screech-owl' heard. In fact, only once have I heard this, at 2 a.m. when photographing at a nest in a hollow tree. One cannot imagine a more dreadful shriek, particularly when unexpected and uttered at such an hour. On one of my earlier sessions, before the adults had become oblivious to the 1-3000th sec. flash which took the picture, one of the birds flew down to the ground at the far end of the barn and called quietly for a few seconds before flying up to the young. As soon as the evening light dwindled, the owlets would start their hunger-call. This can best be described by likening it to an intensified hiss of a boiling kettle, lasting several seconds. A variation of this was a loud snoring noise. By listening to them it was

(Continued.) impossible to tell whether it was standing at the far or near edge of the perching-stone. Therefore, it was necessary to be constantly on the alert. After the first visit with food subsequent visits could reasonably be anticipated from twenty to thirty minutes after an adult had left the barn for another foraging expedition. Thus the waiting strain was proportionately reduced. Throughout the period of the young being in the nest, the number of visits with food varied from four to six. The adult would remain in the hole for periods ranging from ten to twenty minutes. The bird which was assumed to be the hen would regularly remain in the nesting-hole after the final visit. In our experience, not only with this pair, but with other barn owls, no feeding takes place during heavy rain. On one such occasion

I spent from dusk until dawn in a hide and no visit was made to the nest. The reason, it would appear, is not the reluctance to hunt in such conditions, but that their prey will not venture forth. The adults were not very vociferous, but they would occasionally

(Continued below.)



FLYING FROM THE NEST TO THE BEAM WHICH WAS THE INTERMEDIARY STOPPING-PLACE: THE OWL IS UNDISTURBED BY THE ELECTRONIC FLASH.

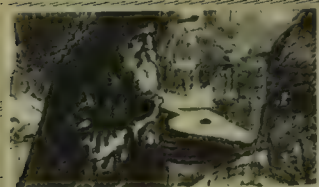


"WHAT WAS THAT?" THE OWL TURNS ROUND TO SEE WHAT IS GOING ON AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAD PURPOSELY MADE A SLIGHT NOISE.

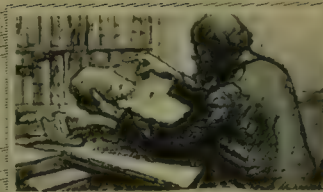
interesting to try and estimate the number of young; a guess of three later proved to be correct. Somehow the chicks would always know when mother or father was in the barn, even before they started waiting at the hole entrance and were able to see the parent perching on the beam. Their hissing would increase to a frenzy and be maintained at that level, with occasional squeaks, until the adult departed. The owlets stayed in the barn for at least a fortnight after the eldest made its first somewhat wobbly flight at an age of nine weeks. There were many hiding-places on the top of the walls, although the beams were always favourite perches until a hunt opened the door. On one such occasion one of the chicks flew out of the barn through the vent-hole, but later returned."



WITH THE FRONT REMOVED TO SHOW THE SET-UP. THE HIDE WITH FLASH APPARATUS, CAMERA AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER, MR. A. FAULKNER TAYLOR, AT THE READY.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MORE ABOUT JUMPING SNAKES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ON November 12, 1955, I quoted on this page a letter from Mrs. Lupton, which described how she saw a snake jumping down a hillside. A number of letters, giving other instances, were received, a few of which are set forth here.

The first letter was from Mr. V. J. Wilmoth, of Jordans Village, Buckinghamshire: "I had never thought that there was any doubt that certain species of snakes could, if not jump in the way described in your article, at least propel themselves forward in a series of jerks. When I was in Burma before the last war it was, if I remember correctly, generally agreed that the hamadryad . . . could when angry propel itself forward by a series of whip-like jumps at speeds equal to a galloping horse. Indeed, it has been said, although I personally cannot vouch for the

above was typed I had a talk with a retired gamekeeper—Hugh Macmaster. He told me that when he was on service in Salonika (Struma Front), from 1916 on, the big snakes used to leap out of the front-line trenches when the lads commenced to shoot at them, as this was their only means of escape."

The following letter is from Mr. M. F. Kerchelich, of Sarajevo, Yugoslavia:

"We have in Yugoslavia a dreaded specimen of jumping snakes called locally 'Poskok,' meaning 'the jumper,' which figures in folklore and superstition. This is found mainly in Dalmatia and the mountainous regions of Hercegovina and Montenegro. In fact, there exists an island near Dubrovnik called 'Vipera,' which is a well-known breeding-place of the 'jumper.' The average size of this snake is between 60 and 100 centimetres. . . . The first time I met a 'Poskok' was in Montenegro when on a trip I stopped the car to stretch my legs. It was lying in the middle of the road, some 100 metres ahead of the car. After watching it for some time it curled up and jumped into a dry thorn bush at the curb of the road and disappeared. The jump was at least 150 cm. long and some 80-90 centimetres high. On the second occasion I was driving a jeep in Southern Dalmatia and coming round the corner I could just see a snake about to cross the road. The car must have frightened it and quite suddenly it jumped at the front mudguard and was killed by the rear wheel. The jump of this snake, as far as I know, seems to be the result of either fear or aggressiveness, and peasants in Dalmatia have frequently told of this means of the snake's escape when chased by a mongoose, which were specially imported some 50 years ago to keep their numbers down."

From Mr. Arthur C. Langham, of London, the story is switched to Palestine: ". . . one personal experience of a snake which 'jumped' may possibly be of interest to you. For a short period during the war I was stationed at an airfield in Palestine. Not infrequently large black snakes about 8 ft. to 10 ft. long would be seen at the

side of the road in uninhabited areas, which would hastily scuttle away in the undergrowth at the approach of a vehicle. It was my habit for a short while when there to take an evening stroll by the side of a stream in open country with my little dog, who would busy herself playfully chasing numerous frogs. The stream was about 3 or 4 ft. wide, with a path at the side also 3 or 4 ft. in width—the whole lying between two banks. One evening as I walked slowly along I suddenly heard a 'rushing movement' in the long grass, and found that I was within a few feet of one of these large black snakes which had evidently been coiled up asleep, and was rapidly starting to uncoil itself from a cushion-like appearance. I hastily retreated, at the same time calling my dog, who, thinking that I was drawing attention to some more frogs, rushed forward and nearly overran the snake. At that moment, to my complete astonishment, the snake leapt or threw itself through the air in one spring right across the stream on to the opposite bank and rapidly vanished. It all happened in a bare moment, but what impressed me most was the rapidity with which the snake literally threw itself through the air and across the stream in one bound."

Corroborative testimony came from Mrs. Bryony Bomford, of Southern Rhodesia: ". . . my husband and I visited a small dam on our farm which had an old tree in the middle (about 10 ft. from the edge). A brown snake about 2 ft. long was making repeated attempts to reach a branch by jumping out of the water. Eventually he managed to reach the branch which was about

2 ft. from the water. There appeared to be no necessity to jump, as he could either have swum to the edge or to the main trunk of the tree."

Recently my elder son brought home a 2-ft.-long grass snake. The following day, with a view to getting some film shots, it was put into an enclosure made of breeze blocks, on a concrete base, the whole 3 ft. by 4 ft. and 1½ ft. high. Almost immediately it raised its body erect. Then it put its chin on the edge of the breeze-block rim and leapt swiftly over the wall of the enclosure. The whole action was so quick that it is almost impossible to say precisely what took place. We believe the chin touched the top of the breeze-block wall. We believe no other part of the body touched the wall before or during the leap. All we can say for certain is that it reared 1½ ft. of its body upwards in a straight line, inclined it slightly for the chin to touch the top of the wall, and the next moment was clear of the wall and lying on the other side of it.

The snake was retrieved and put back into the enclosure. Then followed several attempts at escape, usually by climbing the breeze-block wall using the underside of the body for locomotion in the normal way. Several times, however, it reared the body up without support, afterwards leaning towards the wall and taking a grip with the underside of the body and wriggling upwards with a serpentine movement. If it could manage to do so, it would make for a corner of the compound and there, with its body wedged in the angle formed by the breeze-blocks, it would travel straight up.

During these attempts to escape we tried to obtain still photographs showing the snake



DURING ONE OF ITS EARLY ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE: A 2-FT.-LONG GRASS SNAKE RIGIDLY ERECT WITH ITS CHIN ON THE EDGE OF THE BREEZE-BLOCK RIM AT ONE SIDE OF ITS ENCLOSURE. ON THE FIRST OCCASION IT FOLLOWED UP THIS ACTION WITH A SWIFT LEAP OVER THE WALL.

truth of it, that irritated hamadryads have pursued motor-cars and struck at the hoods. The roads were, of course, atrocious and speeds possible by a car not great, but if these stories are true it would presuppose that the hamadryad could strike some 3 to 4 ft. above the ground which it could only do by some sort of jump."

Then came the following letter from G. N. Murray, of Sutherland: "I thought you might like to know of an incident which I witnessed many years ago and which is still very vivid in my memory. In the summer of 1911 or 1912, on a hot day with brilliant sunshine, my father and I accompanied our host, one Alexander Ross, on a trek over the hills near his home 'Craggie-More,' Rogart, Sutherland. The River Brora crossed, we came to rising ground covered by thick heather. Shortly after we started the ascent of our objective I called the attention of Ross to something which I saw 'flashing' further up the hill. He requested us to keep still and mentioned that what I had seen might be a serpent making for the water. The 'flashing' appeared several times but much nearer. Ross stood hawk-eyed with his shepherd's crook poised. Suddenly he struck and a dead serpent lay in the heather. It was about 18 ins. to 2 ft. in length and when struck would be at the height of the leap, probably in the region of 6 ft. Ross showed no surprise, but remarked that there might be others. However, although we continued our trek well into the afternoon we saw none. Ross told us, I remember, about a horse that was bitten on the upper lip by one earlier in the year. They had to cut the lip on either side of the bite and after a few days the horse was quite fit. Since the



AFTER BEING RETRIEVED AND PUT BACK IN THE ENCLOSURE: THE GRASS SNAKE STARTING TO TAKE A GRIP OF THE WALL IN PREPARATION FOR WRIGGLING UPWARDS WITH A SERPENTINE MOVEMENT. AFTER A FEW PERFORMANCES THE SNAKE BECAME USED TO BEING HANDLED AND STOPPED MAKING ITS EFFORTS TO ESCAPE. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

rigidly erect, with two-thirds of the body supported on the remaining third, and clear of any other support. This attitude appeared to be used to reconnoitre, and was followed by a leaning towards the wall to obtain a grip on its rough surface. The one important thing is, however, that we had demonstrated a snake's ability to rise vertically and hold the position, supported by the hind third of the body. This does not prove that a snake can or will jump clear of the ground, but it needs only a strong thrust from that hinder third of the body to bring it about. Unfortunately, after these few performances the snake became used to being handled—it was "tame"—which may be why snakes in zoos and snake parks do not use this method to escape.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE REJECTED:
PRINCESS MARGARETHA.

A Press statement, issued by the Master of the Royal Household in Stockholm on May 5, said that about six weeks previously Mr. Douglas-Home, nephew of the Earl of Home, had asked for Princess Margaretha's hand in marriage, but that the "little innocent affair" had been ended by a letter from Princess Margaretha's mother, in reply to the letter of proposal.

KILLED IN HIS RACING CAR DURING THE
PRESCOTT HILL CLIMB: LORD EBURY.

Lord Ebury, who was forty-three and the fifth baron, was killed instantly on May 5 when his racing car hit a bank and turned over while he was competing in the Bugatti Owners' Club's first national hill climb of the season at Prescott, Cheltenham. Lord Ebury, who succeeded to the title at the age of eighteen, was educated at Harrow. During World War II he won the D.S.O.

ON A VISIT TO BRITAIN: GENERAL DON
EMILIO ALAMAN.

General Don Emilio Alaman, the Spanish Deputy Chief of Staff and Director-General of Military Training, arrived in London on May 5 for a five-day visit at the invitation of the War Office. He was to meet the Under-Secretary to the War Office, Mr. Julian Amery, and the C.I.G.S., Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, and was to visit Sandhurst and other Army units.

A CONTROVERSIAL FIGURE: THE LATE
SENATOR MCCARTHY.

Senator McCarthy, who died at the age of forty-eight on May 2, was well known for his ruthless investigations of suspected Communists in America. To some he appeared a great patriot, but about three years ago he was condemned by the Senate and his power declined after he ceased to be Chairman of the Senate Investigating Sub-Committee a year later.



NEW PRESIDENT, I.M.E.: SIR G. NELSON.

Sir George H. Nelson, Chairman of The English Electric Co., Ltd., was installed as this year's President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers on April 26. Sir George is a former President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers and of the Federation of British Industries, and is a Governor and Honorary Fellow of Queen Mary College (University of London).

ASTON VILLA'S VICTORY IN THE CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY: THE CAPTAIN, JOHNNY DIXON, PROUDLY
HOLDING THE CUP, WITH MEMBERS OF THE TEAM.

Aston Villa beat Manchester United by 2 goals to 1 in the Cup Final at Wembley on May 4. Unfortunately an injury once again marred the most important match of the year; shortly after the start, the Manchester United goalkeeper, Ray Wood, received a depressed fracture of the cheek. The Queen, Prince Philip and the Prime Minister were present.



ELECTED A.R.A.: MR. HENRY CARR.

At a general assembly of Academicians and Associates of the Royal Academy held on April 26, Mr. Henry Carr was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Mr. Carr, a painter, has two works in this year's Summer Exhibition at Burlington House. He studied at the Leeds College of Art and at the Royal College of Art. Another painter, Mr. Tristram Hillier, was also elected A.R.A.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF AUSTRIA:
DR. ADOLF SCHAEERF.

Dr. Adolf Schaerf became the new President of the Austrian Republic when, on May 5, he gained a narrow majority over his rival candidate, Professor Denk, in the Presidential elections. Dr. Schaerf is a Socialist and Professor Denk was sponsored by the Right Wing parties. Dr. Schaerf said the present Socialist and Right-Wing Coalition Government should continue.

PHOTOGRAPHED AS HE LEFT HOSPITAL IN BOSTON ON APRIL 29: SIR ANTHONY EDEN, WITH
LADY EDEN, AND (RIGHT) DR. CATTELL.

On April 29 Sir Anthony Eden left the New England Baptist Hospital in Boston, where he had been operated on for removal of a bile duct obstruction. Sir Anthony expressed his gratitude to Dr. Cattell, who had operated on him, and to Dr. Norcross, his physician. He was later to visit the Governor-General of Canada, Mr. Massey.

APPOINTED BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN
BANGKOK: MR. RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

Mr. Richard Whittington, who is fifty-one, and at present Senior Inspector of Foreign Service Establishments, is to succeed Sir Berkeley Gage as British Ambassador in Bangkok. Mr. Whittington, who was educated at Manchester Grammar School and Brasenose College, Oxford, joined the Consular Service in 1928. He has already spent many years of service in Bangkok.

SIR FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.



"PORTRAIT OF BRANGWYN, 1947," A DRAWING BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A. (Brown chalk heightened with white; 20 by 14½ ins.) (Lent by Count William de Belleruche.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT, c. 1897": A STRIKING BRANGWYN DRAWING WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED FROM THIS EXHIBITION BY THE FERENS ART GALLERY, HULL. (Coloured chalks, pen and ink and wash; 9 by 8½ ins.)

The exhibition of Early Drawings by Sir Frank Brangwyn, R.A. (1867-1956), continues at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, until May 23. It is the first exhibition of his work to be held in London since the artist's death, last June.



"HEAD OF A PIG": A CHARACTERISTICALLY FORCEFUL BRANGWYN DRAWING. THERE ARE SEVERAL STUDIES OF PIGS IN THE EXHIBITION. (Crayon conté; 7 by 9½ ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Rosslyn.)



"STUDY OF A SLEEPING DOG." THIS AND SEVERAL OTHER DRAWINGS AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES WERE SHOWN IN THE LARGE EXHIBITION OF BRANGWYN'S WORK HELD AT THE DIPLOMA GALLERY IN 1952. (Red chalk; 7 by 10½ ins.) (Lent by the Countess of Rosslyn.)

SIR FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A., who died last June at the age of eighty-nine, was born in Bruges of Welsh parents in 1867. As a boy he worked under William Morris, and after a period at sea as a cabin-boy, he rapidly developed his artistic talents with increasing scope and power. He gained many commissions for mural paintings on both sides of the Atlantic. He was honoured in many countries and his works were widely distributed among the museums and public collections of the world. After living for many years in Hammersmith he moved to the Jointure at Ditchling, where he lived the life of a recluse until his death. In 1952 he was given the honour, unique then for a living artist, of a retrospective exhibition in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy. The present small exhibition at the Leicester Galleries ranges widely over the subjects chosen by Sir Frank. Studies of pigs, cats, a rhinoceros, birds and a superb drawing of a rat in a trap hang side by side with drawings of bullfights, portraits and figure studies, and the most delicate "Head of a Baby."

OLD MASTERS AT COLNAGHI'S.

THERE are thirty paintings in Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's interesting exhibition of Old Masters, which is to be seen at 14, Old Bond Street until May 25. Outstanding among them is a large early Van Dyck (reproduced below) which the artist painted when he was an assistant of Rubens in Antwerp, and before his first visit to England in 1620. It is a magnificent example of Van Dyck's great gifts at such an early age. Another large and impressive canvas is the Giovanni Antonio Guardi shown here. The composition derives closely from a Pittoni of the same subject—a derivation characteristic of the Guardi studio. It is probable that Francesco Guardi executed some parts of this painting. He himself is represented in this exhibition by one of his rare flower-pieces, which bears a damaged version of his signature. The Italian School is further represented by a fine Tiepolo and a Pittoni grisaille, as well as by several earlier works, including a Boccaccio panel.



"THE ROMANS DESPOILING THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM," BY GIOVANNI ANTONIO GUARDI (1698-1760), THE ELDER BROTHER OF FRANCESCO GUARDI. (Oil on canvas; 46½ by 57½ ins.)



"WINTER LANDSCAPE WITH HOUSES IN A VALLEY": BY HERMAN SAFTLEVEN (1609-85), WHO WAS A PUPIL OF JAN VAN GOYEN AND HERE REFLECTS AND DEVELOPS THE DELICACY OF HIS MASTER. (Oil on canvas; 16½ by 22½ ins.)



"CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM": A MAGNIFICENT WORK OF THE FIRST ANTWERP PERIOD BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (Oil on canvas; 59½ by 89½ ins.)

FROM A POMPEIAN BEGGAR TO A NEW AMERICAN HIGHWAY: A MISCELLANY.



A NEW AMERICAN HIGHWAY: THE EASTERN END OF THE ROAD, WITH ITS TWELVE-LANE TOLL GATE, AT WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS. THE NEW HIGHWAY IS OVER 100 MILES LONG.



IN PUCCINI'S OPERA "TURANDOT" AT COVENT GARDEN: MISS SYLVIA FISHER AS TURANDOT AND JAMES JOHNSTON AS CALAF.

On May 4 Puccini's last opera, "Turandot," was performed at Covent Garden. It is almost ten years since the opera entered the English repertory at Covent Garden. Miss Sylvia Fisher sang the part of Turandot. It was the first Italian rôle she had taken at Covent Garden. The orchestra was conducted by Rudolf Kempe.



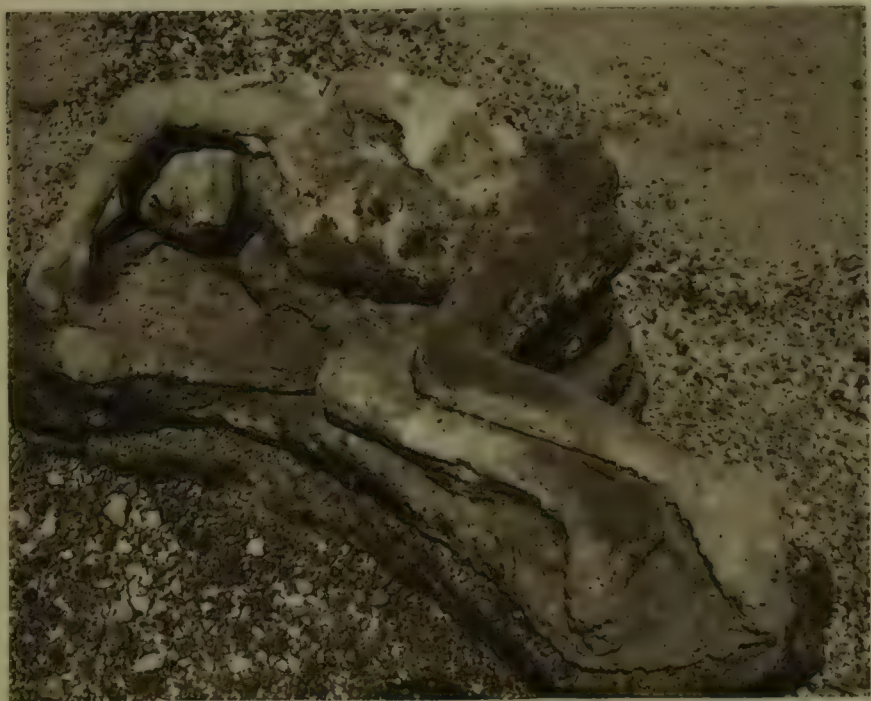
AT THE ANNUAL MEMORIAL PARADE OF THE COMBINED CAVALRY OLD COMRADES: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER PLACES A WREATH ON THE CAVALRY MEMORIAL. At the Annual Memorial Service and Parade of the Combined Cavalry Old Comrades, which was held in Hyde Park on May 5, the Duke of Gloucester took the salute and laid a wreath on the Cavalry Memorial. The Duchess of Gloucester also attended.



AT THE RE-COMMISSIONING OF THE 8000-TON CRUISER H.M.S. GAMBIA AT ROSYTH DOCKYARD ON MAY 1: THE WHITE ENSIGN BEING HOISTED. H.M.S. GAMBIA IS TO BE THE FLAGSHIP OF THE EAST INDIES STATION.



THE WRECKAGE OF THE VIKING AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED NEAR BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT ON MAY 1. OVER THIRTY PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES. On May 1 an Eagle Aviation Viking, carrying troops bound for Libya, crashed shortly after taking off from Blackbushe Airport, Hampshire. Thirty-four people lost their lives, and, on going to press, there was one survivor, who was seriously injured.



AMONG THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN THE EXCAVATION OF POMPEII: THE PLASTER CAST OF A MAN, THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN A BEGGAR, LYING ON HIS SIDE AND WITH HIS LEFT ARM RAISED TO PROTECT HIS FACE.



LAUNCHED AT BEAUMARIS, ANGLESEY, ON APRIL 29: THE BRAS D'OR, SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR SPEED AND BUILT FOR THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT. AT SPEED THE VESSEL RISES OUT OF THE WATER AND TRAVELS ON ITS THREE HYDROFOILS.

BIRDS, AIRCRAFT AND SCULPTURE.



AT THE CONTROLS OF THE AIRCRAFT OF THE QUEEN'S FLIGHT, WHICH HE PILOTED HIMSELF: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On May 2 the Duke of Edinburgh went and returned by air for his visit from Windsor to the R.A.F. Flying College at Manby, Lincs. During the visit he learnt the details of the projected Tokyo-and-back flight of a Canberra.



REDUCING THE NOISE MADE BY HELICOPTER JET ENGINES: AN ENGINEER FITTING A SILENCER TO A FAIREY ROTODYNE HELICOPTER ENGINE DURING A DEMONSTRATION OF EXPERIMENTAL WORK ON MAY 1.



IN THE U.S. NAVY'S GUIDED MISSILE SHIP CANBERRA: TALL TURRETS, LIKE GIANT SEARCHLIGHTS, WHICH HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS MISSILE-GUIDING ANTENNAE.



THE CENTRE MOTIF ABOVE THE WATLING STREET ENTRANCE FOR THE NEW BANK OF ENGLAND BUILDING.

For the new Bank of England building by Mr. Victor Heal, F.R.I.B.A., Mr. David Evans, F.R.B.S., has made a number of sculptures, keystones and motifs, which are to be carved in Portland stone. We show one of the motifs above.



FIVE EMPTY AND ONE OCCUPIED: NESTS MADE BY AN AMERICAN ROBIN ON A STAIRCASE OF AN ENGINEERING BUILDING IN PASADENA.



AN AERIAL TOUR OF BERLIN: THE SUSPENSION RAILWAY WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT FOR A FORTH-COMING EXHIBITION, BUT WHICH IS BEING USED IN THE MEANWHILE FOR SIGHTSEEING TOURS.

BUILDING, ENGINEERING AND AVIATION ITEMS.



THE EJECTOR SEAT IN WHICH THE PILOT OF A HAWKER HUNTER ESCAPED AS THE FIGHTER BURST INTO FLAMES ON LANDING.

During a flying display at the presentation of Colours to 111 Squadron, R.A.F., a Hunter burst into flames on landing. The pilot escaped by means of his ejector seat and was thrown 20 yards away. His face and spine were injured.



A THRUSH'S STRANGE CHOICE: A NEST ON THE WHEEL HANDLE OF A SAFETY VALVE OF AN ELECTRIC PUMP.

This thrush recently hatched four eggs in this strange nesting-place at the B.P. Refinery on the Isle of Grain. The pump is in almost continuous operation day and night, but the parent birds are feeding their young apparently unconcerned.



A WORLD RECORD LOAD DROP BY PARACHUTE: 29,000 LB. OF STEEL PLATES BEING LOWERED AT MARKET WEIGHTON, YORKS, ON APRIL 29.

On April 29 a Blackburn Beverley military transport aircraft dropped by parachute a load of about 13 tons of steel plates, thus beating the previous U.S. record of 27,000 lb.

AN ISRAEL ARMY INDEPENDENCE DAY EXHIBITION: BOOTY AND ISRAELI ARMS.



CAPTURED FROM THE EGYPTIANS IN THE SINAI CAMPAIGN: TWO AIRCRAFT OF RUSSIAN ORIGIN—BEHIND, A MIG-15; IN FRONT, A TRAINER AIRCRAFT.

(Above.) IN THE ISRAELI ARMY EXHIBITION AT BEIT DAGON: AN ISRAELI AIRCRAFT (A FRENCH MYSTERE FIGHTER) WHICH TOOK PART IN THE SINAI CAMPAIGN.

AS reported in our issues of November 17 and November 24, 1956, the Israeli Army in its brilliant six-day campaign in Sinai gave a modern meaning to the Biblical phrase—"spoiling the Egyptians"; and took an immense booty of arms, supplies and the materials of war from the Egyptian forces, together with about 7000 prisoners. May 6 was Israel's Independence Day and on it several days of celebration culminated in the country's largest military exhibition to date. This was staged at Beit Dagon, about two miles from Tel Aviv; and was linked with a military parade in Tel Aviv itself. The exhibition, whilst consisting to a notable degree of examples of weapons captured from the Egyptians, gave pride of place to those which had led to the victory. Among the latter we show a partly-covered *Mystere* jet fighter of French origin, which distinguished itself during the campaign; and a number of "Uzis," the Israel-made sub-machine-guns, which were used in the fighting and are now being manufactured for export.



SPOIL FROM THE EGYPTIANS, DISPLAYED DURING ISRAEL'S INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS: A GROUP OF RUSSIAN T-34 TANKS WITH 25-POUNDERS IN FRONT.



ISRAEL-MADE "UZI" SUB-MACHINE-GUNS EXHIBITED. USED IN THE CAMPAIGN, THEY ARE NOW MANUFACTURED FOR EXPORT.



ISRAELI SOLDIERS PREPARING THE INDEPENDENCE DAY EXHIBITION; AND MOVING INTO POSITION A 25-POUNDER WHICH WAS CAPTURED FROM THE EGYPTIANS.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SOME OF OUR GUESTS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

FROM over the sea they come to us in London: a play from Australia, one by a Canadian company (though written by a deeply experienced English dramatist), and two from Broadway. Our theatre is a welcoming host. Those cheers at the New and the Piccadilly must have warmed both the Australian cast (with an actor-dramatist, Ray Lawler), and the Canadians from Toronto.

Let me begin with "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," as odd a title for a play as I recall, and yet one that sticks: Ray Lawler knew what he was doing. Superficially, this piece—first important work of an all-Australian theatre—may seem to be rough-and-tough. It is more than that. The dramatist has explored the sad period when one knows a delight must end. The long, golden day is closing; nothing can be done about it. Here is the ache of farewell, the parting that in itself is almost a death. The emotion has been familiar in the world since Adam and Eve left Paradise: its familiarity makes it no less poignant.

It is this I have been thinking of since the New Theatre curtain fell. I shall remember the atmosphere, the overtones, of the piece Australia knows affectionately as the "Doll." Not a major play, it can yet spring the imagination, cause us to reflect again on the sadness of change-and-decay, the inevitability of autumn.

The doll is a symbol. Every summer (our mid-winter) when the cane-cutting season is over in Queensland, two of the cutters come south for the long "lay-off." They have five months free; for seventeen years they have spent it down in Victoria with the girls of their choice. One is a barmaid, Olive. For her and for the ganger, Roo, it has been the perfect companionship. Five months of happiness; seven months to look forward to the next time and to the next doll—the decorated kewpie from Queensland that is the invariable present. These dolls mark the years: the living-room of a little terrace-house is filled with the fragile birds and butterflies, and the ranged dolls, that are the record of past summers of delight.

The joys of the "lay-off" have become almost as legendary as the period before the First World War to characters in a Priestley play. Professor Linden, we remember, mused on the first movement of the Elgar concerto: "You can tell at once it's a farewell to long-lost summer afternoons. It's got a deep drowsy summerishness that belongs to everybody's youth—it's telling you quite plainly that now there aren't any such afternoons—the sun's never as hot, the grass as thick, the shade as deep and drowsy. . . ." That is not so far in mood, as one might think, from "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" and its wistfulness of time remembered.

The years do pass, and the splendour does fade: this is the tragedy of the "Doll." Youth has gone, fires are low, one grief treads upon another, and during the summer of the seventeenth doll there is only autumn in the heart. We know all is over at curtain-rise upon the third act. The walls are stripped, the gaudy birds and butterflies are down, the dolls have gone. At the end, after a burst of passionate emotion and disappointment that destroys seventeen summers in a gust, the last doll lies, smashed and torn, upon the floor. Uncompromising; but Mr. Lawler is right not to assume that life can be the same again.

It is a simple enough play, but moving because it has been felt so keenly, and because the pathos of the lost good time, and the warmth and honesty of the inarticulate sufferers, do come through to us. We are glad to see it in London, under Sir Laurence Olivier's wise sponsorship; and its Australian company knows how to cope

with it: June Jago as the barmaid who had found the ideal pattern of life, and whose ecstasies and disappointments are the sharper because they are true; Mr. Lawler himself and Kenneth Warren as the two men from the North; Madge Ryan as another, a haughtier, barmaid, who is new to the wonders of the "lay-off," and who finds it hardly



"A TOUCHING PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH IN A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL": "TEA AND SYMPATHY" (COMEDY THEATRE), SHOWING ELIZABETH SELLARS AS LAURA, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S WIFE, AND TIM SEELY AS TOM LEE, "WHO SUFFERS FROM BOTH HIS UPBRINGING AND THE UNIMAGINATIVE MISUNDERSTANDING OF THOSE ROUND HIM."



"IT CAN YET SPRING THE IMAGINATION, CAUSE US TO REFLECT AGAIN ON THE SADNESS OF CHANGE-AND-DECAY, THE INEVITABILITY OF AUTUMN": "SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL" (NEW THEATRE), A SCENE FROM THE AUSTRALIAN PLAY WITH ITS AUSTRALIAN CAST, SHOWING (L. TO R.) ROO (KENNETH WARREN), OLIVE (JUNE JAGO), BUBBA (FENELLA MAGUIRE); STANDING AND BARNIE (RAY LAWLER).

the joy she had expected; Ethel Gabriel as an acid voice of wisdom in the background; and Fenella Maguire as a girl who has been brought up in the shadow of a legend.

Not a shattering play, I repeat; but an experience in the theatre that is strangely likeable and touching: certainly something for the collector.

Its scene is fresh; Mr. Lawler is good at catching a mood—as on that glum New Year's Eve with its feverish attempt to stir the embers—and at turning a casual line: "Some fellows bring out the knitting in a girl, some don't." We can agree with the dramatist when he hoped, at his première, that the line, "We left our country for our country's good," might apply—in one sense—to the coming of the "Doll" to England. The phrase—which occurred in a prologue to "The Recruiting Officer," acted in Australia (by "an all-English cast" of convicts) in 1789—managed neatly to link past and present.

The company at the Piccadilly Theatre is all-Canadian, and "The Glass Cage" passes in Toronto in 1906. But the dramatist is J. B. Priestley, who wrote it round an "entrance" for two Canadian brothers and their sister, Donald and Murray Davis and Barbara Chilcott. It is undeniably an impressive moment when the three, like figures from a revenge-drama—and with the family resemblance that heightens the effect—stand in the door of a smug Toronto drawing-room. Presently they will blow the place to fragments. It seems that the smug McBanes have a family skeleton: the brother who married a half-breed woman and so passed out of a restricted, Puritanical orbit. The two young men and their sister, children of the skeleton, or rolling stones seeking moss, have come to recover their dead father's inheritance.

From this point we unveil a great deal of family history, a task Priestley manages for us like the craftsman he is: the play is constructed, not slung together—something, with the dramatist's "message," a corrective to current fashions in the theatre. The message is direct. Priestley says, through the mouth of the girl Jean, "There's too much hate." His characters, before they begin to live, must break out of their glass cage of hatred, resentment, and vindictiveness.

Good; but the play suffers from a certain stiffness. Clever contrivance though it is, it does not rise quickly from the text like Priestley's other family plays, and some of the Canadian artists seem to be plot-bound. Three performances come across finely: those of Miss Chilcott and her brothers. One remembers how, meaningfully, one by one, they look across at each other during the solemnity of family prayers. Second-rank Priestley maybe; still not a play to scorn. Miss Chilcott, in particular, is an actress to watch. She has something of Barbara Jefford's attack.

I hope to have other chances to speak of "Tea and Sympathy" (Comedy Theatre), a touching portrait of a youth in a New England school, who suffers from both his upbringing and the unimaginative misunderstanding of those round him. One person does understand; and Elizabeth Sellars and Tim Seely can win our sympathy for characters the American author, Robert Anderson, has studied with honesty and care. John Fernald's direction for the New Watergate Theatre Club is both steady and delicate. Here, surely, the Censor should reconsider his ban.

I have only a line left for a fourth visitor, "Janus" (Aldwych), a little American comedy by Carolyn Green, with intermittent charm, and at least one performance (that of Googie Withers) in which the charm is unceasing. It is mild, amiable escapism; I hope it will not inspire anyone else to turn to historical novels. "Janus," let me explain, is the pseudonym of a partnership specialising in "lusty, busty" historical fiction—which reminds me that I did not notice any books, of any kind, lying about in the "Seventeenth Doll." I gather that the dear people were not what an old farmer of my boyhood invariably called "readin' men."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE BEST DAMN LIE" (Winter Garden).—Sonia Dresdel and Stephen Murray in a new play by Leo Marks. (May 7.)

"RESTLESS HEART" (St. James's).—Mai Zetterling as a typical Anouilh heroine: the play is translated by Lucienne Hill. (May 8.)

PAINTINGS FROM PARIS AND NEW YORK: TWO ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS.



"CYPRESSES AT CAGNES," BY HENRI-EDMOND CROSS (1856-1910): IN THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS FROM THE MUSEE D'ART MODERNE, PARIS, WHICH CONTINUES AT THE R.B.A. GALLERIES, SUFFOLK STREET, UNTIL MAY 15. (Oil on canvas; 31½ by 39½ ins.)



"FARM LABOURER WITH HOE, 1884," BY GEORGES-PIERRE SEURAT (1859-91): IN THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS FROM THE SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, NEW YORK, WHICH IS AT THE TATE GALLERY UNTIL MAY 26. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 22 ins.)



"THE CLOCK MAKER, 1895-1900," A SUPERB PORTRAIT BY PAUL CEZANNE (1839-1906) IN THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, FROM WHICH SEVENTY-FIVE PAINTINGS ARE SHOWN AT THE TATE GALLERY. (Oil on canvas; 36½ by 28½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF DR. LOUIS VIAU IN HIS DENTAL SURGERY"; PAINTED BY EDOUARD VUILLARD (1868-1940) IN 1937 AND THE LATEST OF HIS SEVEN WORKS AT THE R.B.A. GALLERIES. (Oil on canvas; 34½ by 32 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF M. GUSTAVE CIBOJET, 1900," ONE OF THE SEVEN PAINTINGS BY PABLO PICASSO AT THE R.B.A. THERE ARE ALSO SIX PICASSOS IN THE TATE GALLERY EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 39½ by 31½ ins.)



"THE PAINTER'S HOUSE AT VALMONDOIS, 1920," BY MAURICE DE VLAMINCK, WHO WAS BORN IN PARIS IN 1876: AN OUTSTANDING CANVAS FROM THE MUSEE D'ART MODERNE. (Oil on canvas; 35½ by 27½ ins.)



"LA RUE DE MONT-CENIS, 1915," BY MAURICE UTRILLO (1883-1956). IN THE R.B.A. EXHIBITION UTRILLO'S WORK MAY BE SEEN BESIDE THAT OF HIS MOTHER, SUZANNE VALADON. (Oil on canvas; 20 by 24 ins.)

THE Arts Council has brought two most interesting exhibitions to London which show a great variety of work by modern artists, principally of the French School. At the R.B.A. Galleries there are 164 paintings from the Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris, which provide an excellent survey of the development of French art in the last fifty years. The exhibition consists of a cross-section of this notable collection, which opens with the Neo-Impressionists and the School of Pont Aven, and continues through the work of the Nabis, the Fauves, the Cubists and their contemporaries to examples by the younger artists of to-day, such as Bernard Lorjou and Bernard Buffet. The selection of seventy-five paintings from the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum at New York, which is to be seen at the Tate Gallery, covers a similar period but shows the work of artists of many nationalities.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE is certainly such a thing as being too clever, though one must admit that very few people are capable of it. "Mama I Love You," by William Saroyan (Faber; 15s.), struck me as a masterpiece of this talent. The author has taken the mushiest of Hollywood little girls—little Eva in her modern avatar as the cherub of a broken home—and added a fairy-story of success in the theatre which is all her (unconscious) work. It is as though he were backing himself to get away with it, while at the same time, from a combination of assurance and sporting instinct, piling it on. The nine-year-old cherub is her own chronicler. She has no prosier name than Twink, the most usual variant being Frog. She calls her mother Mama Girl. She begins: "Mama Girl came out of the bath with just the stuff on to hide a big girl a little. . . ." She describes her birth as "when Mama Girl and I first met and began to be friends." And these are not the most embarrassing moments.

After years of fighting, Twink's parents have broken up. Papa Boy, a composer, has gone off with Peter Bolivia Agriculture to live in Paris, while Twink and Mama Girl are "twosies" in California. Mama Girl, aged thirty-three, and "the most beautiful girl at any party," is also an actress who has never been in a play. Suddenly she revolts from time-killing, and jumps on the next plane to New York in pursuit of her "big chance." But the famous producer doesn't want her. He wants a little girl. He hears Twink's voice over the telephone. . . . Everyone is against children on the stage, and Twink has no wish to be there—but it is a lovely play. And on seeing her and Mama Girl side by side, both producer and author get a new idea for it. So Mama Girl has her chance: while Twink, utterly unspoilt and indeed unthrilled, is just liking people, and making—literally—the best of New York, though her ideal is to live in her own home with her whole family and be a baseball pitcher when she grows up.

However, Mr. Saroyan has side-stepped the happy ending. His fantasy has a philosophic tinge. Life is elusive; marriage, though obligatory, is nearly impossible. Now and then, as in the parable of the humming-bird in Central Park, the very "thought" makes one blush; and yet he has got away with it, he is so clever. The old magic has gone; but the effect is beguiling in its own teeth.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Bridge," by Pamela Frankau (Heinemann; 16s.), has aspired beyond its compass. It is at great pains not to be an "ordinary" novel (even in the best sense); in fact its hero is dead, and its bridge leads to the heavenly city. But Neilson is unaware of that. His mind is blank; he knows that for some reason he must turn off, but not where he must go, nor why. Yet, says a mysterious guide, the journey is of his own appointment. . . . The first "survivors" they meet are a small boy at the seaside, and a youth in love. These are his past selves: the unabsolved selves whose failure he has to repeat and write off before crossing the bridge.

The other-worldliness is more than a framework; Neilson's assurance of God, and his wife Linda's aggressive rationalism, run through most of the book and determine the last act. All the same, it does not come off. For the aesthetic tone is not other-worldly; it is that of a very good, ordinary novel, rather scrappily conceived.

"A Question of Character," by Jean Hougron (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), is, on the contrary, deeper than you might think. A lackadaisical schoolmaster, in a dull provincial town, is failing to get on with his wife, and dreaming of the voyage to Kandara which let him down. One hot night, he sees a shadow slipping along the roof opposite. Next day there has been a murder. André doesn't go to the police; but soon afterwards, he has guessed who did it. Evidently the killer knows he knows, and is on the point of striking again. So André shoots him in self-defence—and wakes up in gaol as the murderer of a guiltless youth who meant him no harm.

But we are still only half way. It is a neat story, always with the Colonies in the background and a realistic futility on the surface. Yet if that were all, it would be only Simenon and water. The truth is, this writer has a delicate, absolutely counter-Simenon flavour which is worth looking out for.

"Appleby Plays Chicken," by Michael Innes (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), features an undergraduate reading-party on Dartmoor. David Henchman rambles off to Knack Tor, finds a dead body on the summit, hails the First Murderer strolling by—and is presently acting hare to a leash of hounds, two of them with firearms. The long fantastic chase finally deposits him in an ambulance at a point-to-point, with Sir John Appleby taking over. A second stroll to the Tor provides a fresh corpse and a different kind of chase; and lastly, we have a decoy-game at dead of night, in which all and sundry converge upon a deserted manor with an ancient ivy-clad tower. Everyone is involved in the goings-on; the young gentlemen are very undergraduate and high-spirited, and Mr. Innes's admirers should be well pleased. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ON ART AND STAGE DESIGN, AND JAPAN TODAY.

ON the frontispiece of "British Historical Portraits—A Selection From the National Portrait Gallery" (Cambridge University Press; 18s.) there appears the brilliant portrait of one of the ablest and, at the same time, wickedest public figures in the history of this country. He was the first Earl of Shaftesbury, who is for ever limned (and damned) in Dryden's portrait of him in "Absalom and Achitophel." No other country, with the possible exception of Italy and Spain—the latter during the brief florescence of Velasquez and Goya—has so expressed its culture as has Britain through the portrait. The English country house, which is contemporaneous with, and largely housed, the great age of English portraiture, i.e., from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries, is something that no other country can equal or even approach. Here in this collection of reproductions, you can see the whole of British history as made by its great men. Here are the great administrators, the great portrait painters and architects (and what an amusing face Richard Wilson had, and how mad, as he later became, appears poor William Cowper). Here we can see Robert Adam, as brilliant as he was shrewd, and Thomas Gainsborough, oddly startled. Here is William Wilberforce, too, with the saintliness (though had I lived at the same time I would not have approved of his politics) shining through that handsome and charming countenance; Mary Godwin, for whom Shelley counted the world well lost, and Lord Melbourne, in his charming lazy manner creating the modern British monarchy in intervals of horse racing and love-making.

Coming to the later period, we have Rudyard Kipling (what a dull-looking man to have written such wonderful books, which are just about due for their revival in popularity); Gunn's famous Conversation Piece of Chesterton, Maurice Baring and Hilaire Belloc, down to that other Conversation Piece at Royal Lodge, Windsor, which shows the future King George VI, Queen Elizabeth, our present Queen and Princess Margaret. This indeed is a book to treasure, and a stimulus to go revisiting one of the greatest of our galleries.

I have commented before on the excellence of the Faber books on art. Now that admirable firm produces, in the "Faber Gallery," "Bonnard," with an introduction and notes by Denys Sutton (15s.). Like so many of the great painters, Pierre Bonnard only came to be appreciated towards the end of his life (and fully) after he was dead. Bonnard belonged to the great age—or was it the silver age?—of the Impressionists.

Mr. Denys Sutton provides a most satisfactory introduction and notes to the illustrations in the book, which range from such delights as "Dans La Rue" to "L'Indolente." From a neighbouring stall in the same stable comes "Japanese Landscape Prints of the Nineteenth Century," with an introduction and notes by B. W. Robinson (The Faber Gallery of Oriental Art; 15s.). I am prepared to admit the charm of Chinese and Japanese Art in the same way as I am prepared to admit the excitements of Western films. Alas! I can only stare starry-eyed at both, but for those who are interested in Oriental art, this beautifully illustrated little book will prove, I feel sure, of the greatest interest.

Messrs. Angus and Robertson are the publishers of "Picture of Japan" (21s.), by Colin Simpson. I have a feeling, which is based purely on typography, that this is an American book of which the sheets have been put together in this country. Perhaps I am entirely wrong, though the author is apparently an Australian and shows the Americanisation of that Dominion by the fact that he calls a bill a "check."

His book is no better and no worse than the average reporter's picture of a foreign country. It is not uninteresting—that is, if you happen to be interested in Japan, a country which alas! leaves me totally unmoved, except when I recall the brutalities practised by the Japanese during the war.

To turn to a more pleasant subject, there is "Stage Design Throughout the World Since 1935," edited by René Hainaux and Yves-Bonnat (Harrap; 5 gns.). This is a highly specialised subject, but one on which the unpractised observer may be allowed to pass his inexpert comment. When the

curtain goes up in the theatre, what a moment of excitement it is! But here you will not see reproductions of the average English opening scene, with a country-house drawing-room, opening on to a garden and the stage butler coming in with the stage tea-set. As a mere amateur in these matters, I had no idea of the infinite variety and ingenuity of our European and particularly our French stage designers. The field of the editors—a field which is so beautifully illustrated—is, as the title of the book implies, widely spread. I wrote just now a little slightly of the Japanese, but they, too, are represented, and charmingly at that. The Greeks, who after all started the drama, are worthily represented—their contributions including the modern theatre built in the ancient amphitheatre at Delphi. No modern scenic designer could possibly improve on that exquisite setting. E. D. O'BRIEN.

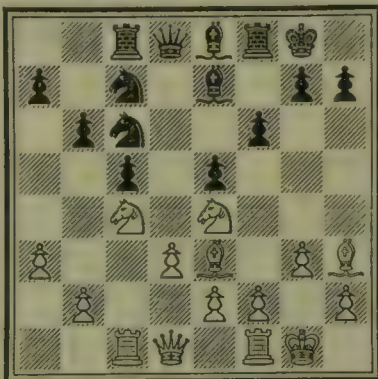
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

P. H. CLARKE won all five of his games in the Easter congress at Southend. Our two diagrams tell, in essence, the tale of his success.

He started rather hesitantly against the Essex champion, J. B. Hawson, in Round 1, and from this position lost, by a series of forced moves, two bishops for a rook and two pawns.

HAWSON (Black) to move.



CLARKE (White).

15. P-B4 17. Kt-Q2 P-KB5
16. Kt-B3 P-QKt4!

The attacked bishop has no square of refuge, so sells his life dearly.

18. B×QBP B×B 20. Kt×P Kt×Kt
19. B×R Q×B 21. Q-Kt3ch K-R1

Hawson's bishops are worth far more than the rook and pawns and he should soon have won.

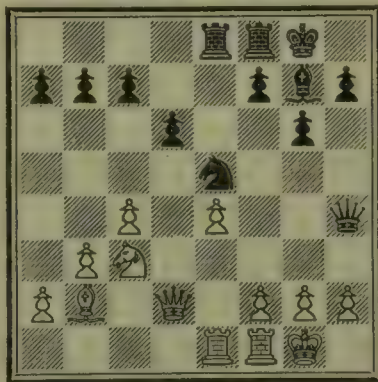
22. Q×Kt B-Q5 23. Kt-B3 Q-K3

He should have played 23. . . . P×P; 24. RP×P, R×Kt; 25. P×R, Q-R6, and the threat of 26. . . . Q×KtPch assures him an immediate draw at least. Instead, he went rapidly downhill with (24. R-B4), P×P; 25. P×P, P-K5? and lost.

It is common knowledge among the masters that a really big stroke of luck at the start of a tournament has an almost magical psychological effect. After this, Clarke never looked back.

Against Jonathan Penrose, his keenest rival, Clarke reached this position in Round 2.

CLARKE (Black) to move.



PENROSE (White).

Penrose ordered a coffee and it was brought just as Clarke made his next move. Not a drop of that coffee did Penrose drink. It went cold, the game was finished and the coffee was abandoned.

17. Kt-B6ch! 18. P×Kt B-K4
The game is lost!

19. P-KR3 Q×RP 21. K-R1 B×P
20. P-B4 Q-Kt5ch 22. R-K3 R-K4
and White resigned.



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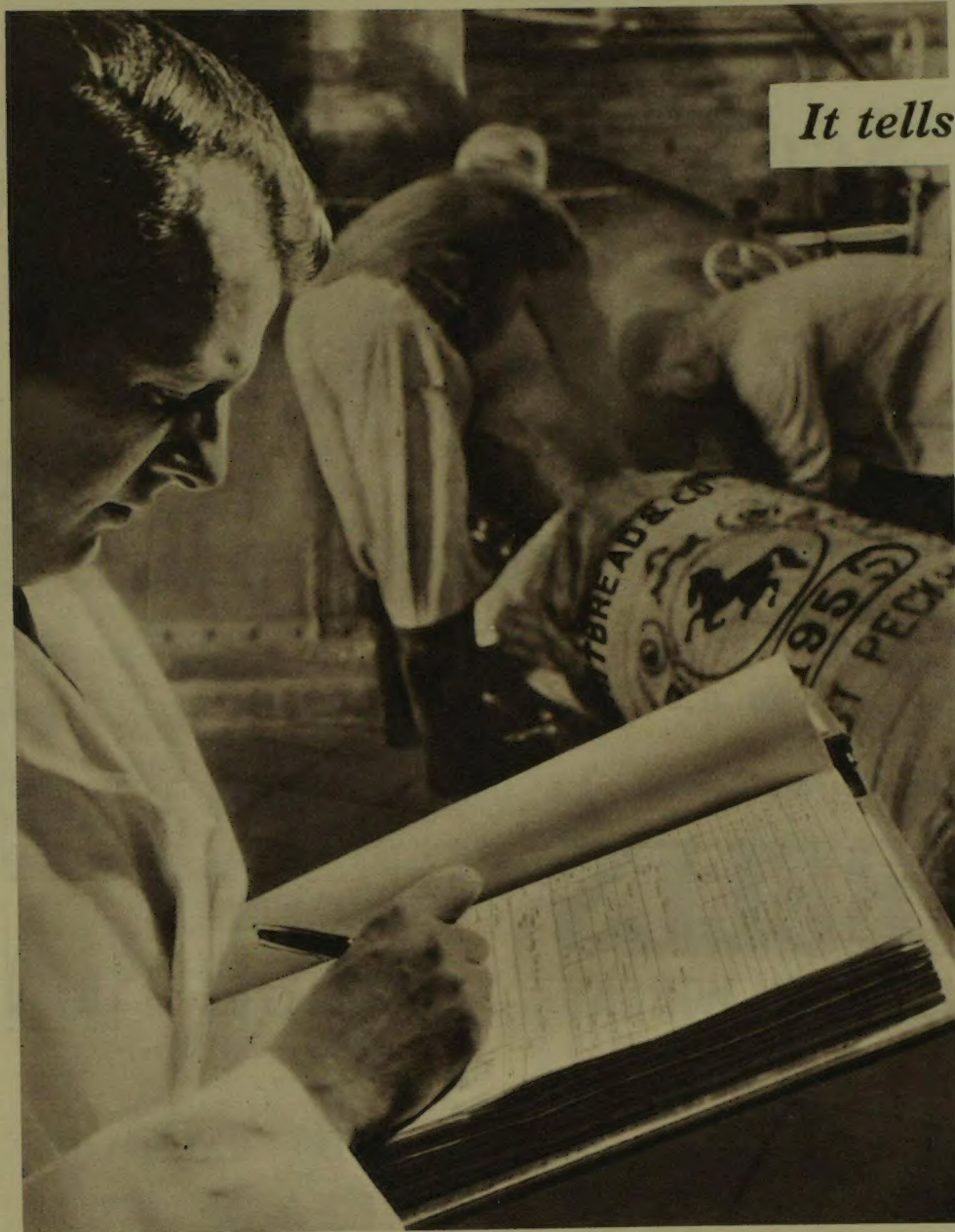
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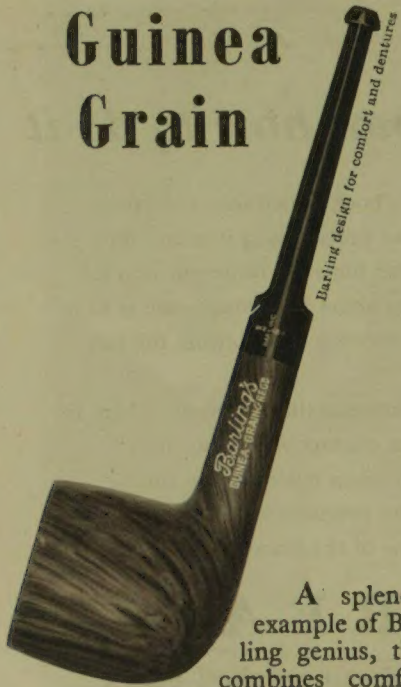


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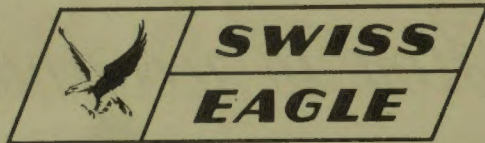
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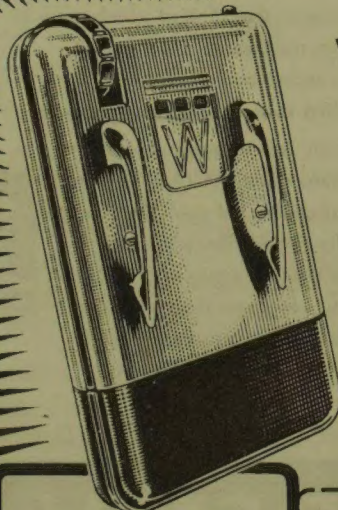
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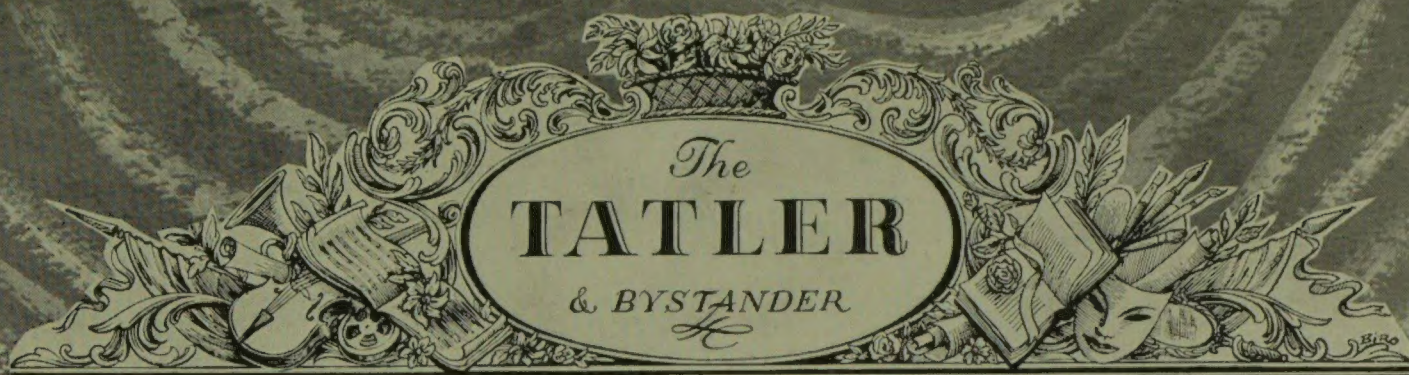
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